

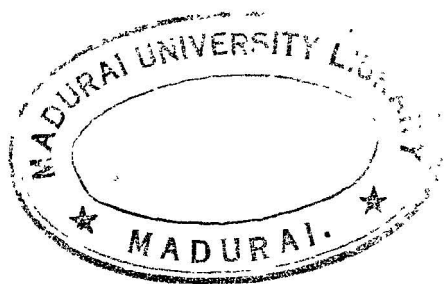
SIXTY POEMS

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING

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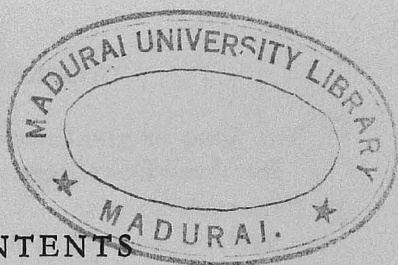


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DEDICATORY POEMS

THE FIRES

DEDICATION FROM BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

MY NEW-CUT ASHLAR

L'ENVOI

THE FIRES

(Prelude to Collected Verse)

MEN make them fires on the hearth
Each under his roof-tree,
And the Four Winds that rule the earth
They blow the smoke to me.

Across the high hills and the sea
And all the changeful skies,
The Four Winds blow the smoke to me
Till the tears are in my eyes.

Until the tears are in my eyes
And my heart is wellnigh broke
For thinking on old memories
That gather in the smoke.

With every shift of every wind
The homesick memories come,
From every quarter of mankind
Where I have made me a home;

Four times a fire against the cold
And a roof against the rain—
Sorrow fourfold and joy fourfold
The Four Winds bring again !

How can I answer which is best
Of all the fires that burn ?
I have been too often host or guest
At every fire in turn.

How can I turn from any fire,
On any man's hearthstone ?
I know the wonder and desire
That went to build my own !

How can I doubt man's joy or woe
Where'er his house-fires shine,
Since all that man must undergo
Will visit me at mine ?

Oh, you Four Winds that blow so strong
And know that this is true,
Stoop for a little and carry my song
To all the men I knew !

Where there are fires against the cold,
Or roofs against the rain—
With love fourfold and joy fourfold,
Take them my songs again !

DEDICATION FROM "BARRACK-
ROOM BALLADS"

BEYOND the path of the outmost sun through
utter darkness hurled—

Farther than ever comet flared or vagrant star-
dust swirled—

Live such as fought and sailed and ruled and
loved and made our world.

They are purged of pride because they died ;
they know the worth of their bays ;

They sit at wine with the Maidens Nine and the
Gods of the Elder Days—

It is their will to serve or be still as fitteth Our
Father's praise.

'Tis theirs to sweep through the ringing deep
where Azrael's outposts are,

Or buffet a path through the Pit's red wrath when
God goes out to war,

Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein
of a red-maned star.

They take their mirth in the joy of the Earth—
they dare not grieve for her pain.

They know of toil and the end of toil ; they know
God's Law is plain ;

So they whistle the Devil to make them sport
who know that Sin is vain.

And oft-times cometh our wise Lord God, master
of every trade,

And tells them tales of His daily toil, of Edens
newly made ;
And they rise to their feet as He passes by,
gentlemen unafraid.

To these who are cleansed of base Desire, Sorrow
and Lust and Shame—
Gods for they knew the hearts of men, men for
they stooped to Fame—
Borne on the breath that men call Death, my
brother's spirit came.

He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough
the dross of Earth—
E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he
from his birth,
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and
clean mirth.

So cup to lip in fellowship they gave him welcome
high
And made him place at the banquet board—the
Strong Men ranged thereby,
Who had done his work and held his peace and
had no fear to die.

Beyond the loom of the last lone star, through open
darkness hurled,
Further than rebel comet dared or hiving star-
swarm swirled,
Sits he with those that praise our God for that they
served His world.

“MY NEW-CUT ASHLAR”

MY NEW-CUT ashlar takes the light
 Where crimson-blank the windows flare.
 By my own work before the night,
 Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

If there be good in that I wrought
 Thy Hand compelled it, Master, Thine—
 Where I have failed to meet Thy Thought
 I know, through Thee, the blame was mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied
 Stands all Eternity's offence.
 Of that I did with Thee to guide,
 To Thee, through Thee, be excellence;

The depth and dream of my desire,
 The bitter paths wherein I stray—
 Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,
 Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
 Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain—
 Godlike to muse o'er his own Trade
 And manlike stand with God again !

One stone the more swings into place
 In that dread Temple of Thy worth.
 It is enough that, through Thy Grace,
 I saw nought common on Thy Earth.

Take not that vision from my ken—
Oh whatsoe'er may spoil or speed.
Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need !

L'ENVOI

(Departmental Ditties)

THE smoke upon your Altar dies,
The flowers decay,
The Goddess of your sacrifice
Has flown away.
What profit then to sing or slay
The sacrifice from day to day ?

“ We know the Shrine is void,” they said,
“ The Goddess flown—
“ Yet wreaths are on the altar laid—
“ The Altar-Stone
“ Is black with fumes of sacrifice,
“ Albeit She has fled our eyes.

“ For, it may be, if still we sing
“ And tend the Shrine,
“ Some Deity on wandering wing
“ May there incline ;
“ And, finding all in order meet,
“ Stay while we worship at Her feet.”

ENGLAND AND EMPIRE

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

THE RIVER'S TALE

THE LAND

THE ROMAN CENTURION'S SONG

THE WAY THROUGH THE WOODS

A TREE SONG

THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN

SUSSEX

A SCHOOL SONG

TOMMY

THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR

PIET

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

THE SONG OF THE WOMEN

RECESSIONAL

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

1893

*FAIR is our lot—O goodly is our heritage !
 (Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth !)
 For the Lord our God Most High
 He hath made the deep as dry,
 He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the
 Earth !*

*Yea, though we sinned, and our rulers went from
 righteousness—
 Deep in all dishonour though we stained our garments'
 hem,
 Oh be ye not dismayed,
 Though we stumbled and we strayed,
 We were led by evil counsellors—the Lord shall deal
 with them !*

*Hold ye the Faith—the Faith our Fathers sealed us,
 Whoring not with visions—overwise and overstale.
 Except ye pay the Lord
 Single heart and single sword,
 Of your children in their bondage He shall ask them
 treble-tale !*

*Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
 Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.*

RUDYARD KIPLING

*Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he bath sown ;
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve
the Lord !*

• • • • •

*Hear now a song—a song of broken interludes—
A song of little cunning ; of a singer nothing worth.
Through the naked words and mean
May ye see the truth between,
As the singer knew and touched it in the ends of all the
Earth !*

THE COASTWISE LIGHTS

OUR brows are bound with spindrift and the weed
is on our knees ;
Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging,
smoking seas.
From reef and rock and skerry—over headland,
ness, and voe—
The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships
of England go !

Through the endless summer evenings, on the
lineless, level floors ;
Through the yelling Channel tempest when the
siren hoots and roars—

ENGLAND AND EMPIRE

By day the dipping house-flag and by night the
rocket's trail—

As the sheep that graze behind us so we know
them where they hail.

We bridge across the dark, and bid the helmsman
have a care,

The flash that, wheeling inland, wakes his sleeping
wife to prayer.

From our vexed eyries, head to gale, we bind in
burning chains

The lover from the sea-rim drawn—his love in
English lanes.

We greet the clippers wing-and-wing that race the
Southern wool ;

We warn the crawling cargo-tanks of Bremen,
Leith, and Hull ;

To each and all our equal lamp at peril of the sea—
The white wall-sided warships or the whalers of
Dundee !

Come up, come in from Eastward, from the guard-
ports of the Morn !

Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of the
Horn !

Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us
main to main,
The Coastwise Lights of England give you welcome
back again !

Go, get you gone up-Channel with the sea-crust
on your plates ;

Go, get you into London with the burden of your
freights !

Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and say, if
any seek,

The Lights of England sent you and by silence
shall ye speak !

THE SONG OF THE DEAD

*HEAR now the Song of the Dead—in the North by
the torn berg-edges—*

*They that look still to the Pole, asleep by their hide-
stripped sledges.*

*Song of the Dead in the South—in the sun by their
skeleton horses,*

*Where the warrigal whimpers and bays through the dust
of the sere river-courses.*

*Song of the Dead in the East—in the heat-rotted jungle-
hollows,*

*Where the dog-ape barks in the kloof—in the brake of
the buffalo-wallows.*

*Song of the Dead in the West—in the Barrens, the pass
that betrayed them,*

*Where the wolverine tumbles their packs from the camp
and the grave-mound they made them ;*

Hear now the Song of the Dead !

I

We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-
stified town ;

We yearned beyond the sky-line where the strange
roads go down.

Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the
Power with the Need,

Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to
lead.

As the deer breaks—as the steer breaks—from
the herd where they graze,

In the faith of little children we went on our ways.
Then the wood failed—then the food failed—then
the last water dried—

In the faith of little children we lay down and died.
On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—in the fern-
scrub we lay,

That our sons might follow after by the bones
on the way.
Follow after—follow after! We have watered
the root,
And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for
fruit!
Follow after—we are waiting, by the trails that we
lost,
For the sounds of many footsteps, for the tread of
a host.
Follow after—follow after—for the harvest is
sown:
By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to
your own!

*When Drake went down to the Horn
And England was crowned thereby,
'Twixt seas unsailed and shores unbailed
Our Lodge—our Lodge was born
(And England was crowned thereby !)*

*Which never shall close again
By day nor yet by night,
While man shall take his life to stake
At risk of shoal or main
(By day nor yet by night)*

*But standeth even so
 As now we witness here,
 While men depart, of joyful heart,
 Adventure for to know
 (As now bear witness here !)*

II

We have fed our sea for a thousand years
 And she calls us, still unfed,
 Though there's never a wave of all her waves
 But marks our English dead :
 We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest,
 To the shark and the sheering gull.
 If blood be the price of admiralty,
 Lord God, we ha' paid in full !

There's never a flood goes shoreward now
 But lifts a keel we manned ;
 There's never an ebb goes seaward now
 But drops our dead on the sand—
 But slinks our dead on the sands forlore,
 From the Ducies to the Swin.
 If blood be the price of admiralty,
 If blood be the price of admiralty,
 Lord God, we ha' paid it in !

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,
 For that is our doom and pride,
 As it was when they sailed with the *Golden Hind*,
 Or the wreck that struck last tide—
 Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef
 Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.
 If blood be the price of admiralty,
 If blood be the price of admiralty,
 If blood be the price of admiralty,
 Lord God, we ha' bought it fair !

THE DEEP-SEA CABLES

THE wrecks dissolve above us ; their dust drops
 down from afar—
 Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the
 blind white sea-snakes are.
 There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts
 of the deep,
 Or the great grey level plains of ooze where the
 shell-burred cables creep.
 Here in the womb of the world—here on the tie-
 ribs of earth
 Words, and the words of men, flicker and flutter
 and beat—
 Warning, sorrow, and gain, salutation and mirth—
 For a Power troubles the Still that has neither
 voice nor feet.

They have wakened the timeless Things ; they
have killed their father Time ;
Joining hands in the gloom, a league from the
last of the sun.
Hush ! Men talk to-day o'er the waste of the
ultimate slime,
And a new Word runs between : whispering,
“ Let us be one ! ”

THE SONG OF THE SONS

ONE from the ends of the earth—gifts at an open
door—
Treason has much, but we, Mother, thy sons have
more !
From the whine of a dying man, from the snarl
of a wolf-pack freed,
Turn, and the world is thine. Mother, be proud
of thy seed !
Count, are we feeble or few ? Hear, is our speech
so rude ?
Look, are we poor in the land ? Judge, are we
men of The Blood ?

Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go
call them in—
We that were bred overseas wait and would speak
with our kin.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Not in the dark do we fight—boggle and flout and
gibe ;
Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts for a
bribe.
Gifts have we only to-day—Love without promise
or fee—
Hear, for thy children speak, from the uttermost
parts of the sea !

THE SONG OF THE CITIES

BOMBAY

ROYAL and Dower-royal, I the Queen
Fronting thy richest sea with richer hands—
A thousand mills roar through me where I glean
All races from all lands.

CALCUTTA

Me the Sea-captain loved, the River built,
Wealth sought and Kings adventured life to
hold.
Hail, England ! I am Asia—Power on silt,
Death in my hands, but Gold !

ENGLAND AND EMPIRE

MADRAS

Clive kissed me on the mouth and eyes and brow,
Wonderful kisses, so that I became
Crowned above Queens—a withered beldame now,
Brooding on ancient fame.

RANGOON

Hail, Mother ! Do they call me rich in trade ?
Little care I, but hear the shorn priest drone,
And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid,
Laugh 'neath my Shwe Dagon.

SINGAPORE

Hail, Mother ! East and West must seek my aid
Ere the spent hull may dare the ports afar.
The second doorway of the wide world's trade
Is mine to loose or bar.

HONG-KONG

Hail, Mother ! Hold me fast ; my Praya sleeps
Under innumerable keels to-day.
Yet guard (and landward), or to-morrow sweeps
Thy warships down the bay !

RUDYARD KIPLING

HALIFAX

Into the mist my guardian prowls put forth,
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie,
The Warden of the Honour of the North,
Sleepless and veiled am I !

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL

Peace is our portion. Yet a whisper rose,
Foolish and causeless, half in jest, half hate.
Now wake we and remember mighty blows,
And, fearing no man, wait !

VICTORIA

From East to West the circling word has passed,
Till West is East beside our land-locked blue ;
From East to West the tested chain holds fast,
The well-forged link rings true !

CAPETOWN

Hail ! Snatched and bartered oft from hand to
hand,
I dream my dream, by rock and heath and pine,
Of Empire to the northward. Ay, one land
From Lion's Head to Line !

ENGLAND AND EMPIRE

MELBOURNE

Greeting ! Nor fear nor favour won us place,
Got between greed of gold and dread of drouth,
Loud-voiced and reckless as the wild tide-race
That whips our harbour-mouth !

SYDNEY

Greeting ! My birth-stain have I turned to good ;
Forcing strong wills perverse to steadfastness :
The first flush of the tropics in my blood,
And at my feet Success !

BRISBANE

The northern stock beneath the southern skies—
I build a Nation for an Empire's need,
Suffer a little, and my land shall rise,
Queen over lands indeed !

HOBART

Man's love first found me ; man's hate made me
Hell ;
For my babes' sake I cleansed those infamies.
Earnest for leave to live and labour well,
God flung me peace and ease.

AUCKLAND

Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart—
 On us, on us the unswerving season smiles,
 Who wonder 'mid our fern why men depart
 To seek the Happy Isles !

ENGLAND'S ANSWER

TRULY ye come of The Blood ; slower to bless
 than to ban,
 Little used to lie down at the bidding of any man—
 Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that
 I bare ;
 Stark as your sons shall be—stern as your fathers
 were.
 Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life
 our tether,
 But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we
 come together.
 My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not gone
 by ;
 Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dugs are
 not dry.
 Look, I have made ye a place and opened wide the
 doors,
 That ye may talk together, your Barons and
 Councillors—
 Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower
 Seas,

Ay, talk to your grey mother that bore you on her
knees !—

That ye may talk together, brother to brother's
face—

Thus for the good of your peoples—thus for the
Pride of the Race.

Also, we will make promise. So long as The
Blood endures,

I shall know that your good is mine : ye shall feel
that my strength is yours :

In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight
of all,

That Our House stand together and the pillars do
not fall.

Draw now the threefold knot firm on the ninefold
bands,

And the Law that ye make shall be law after the
rule of your lands.

This for the waxen Heath, and that for the Wattle-
bloom,

This for the Maple-leaf, and that for the Southern
Broom.

The Law that ye make shall be law and I do not
press my will,

Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me
Mother still.

Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must
speak to you,

After the use of the English, in straight-flung
words and few.

Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your
ways,
Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of
praise.
Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword
and pen,
Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a
world of men !

THE RIVER'S TALE

(PREHISTORIC)

*TWENTY bridges from Tower to Kew
Wanted to know what the River knew,
For they were young and the Thames was old,
And this is the tale that the River told :—*

“ I walk my beat before London Town,
Five hours up and seven down.
Up I go till I end my run
At Tide-end-town, which is Teddington.
Down I come with the mud in my hands
And plaster it over the Maplin Sands.
But I'd have you know that these waters of mine
Were once a branch of the River Rhine,

When hundreds of miles to the East I went
And England was joined to the Continent.

I remember the bat-winged lizard-birds,
The Age of Ice and the mammoth herds,
And the giant tigers that stalked them down
Through Regent's Park into Camden Town.
And I remember like yesterday
The earliest Cockney who came my way,
When he pushed through the forest that lined the
Strand,

With paint on his face and a club in his hand.
He was death to feather and fin and fur.
He trapped my beavers at Westminster.
He netted my salmon, he hunted my deer,
He killed my heron off Lambeth Pier.
He fought his neighbour with axes and swords,
Flint or bronze, at my upper fords,
While down at Greenwich, for slaves and tin,
The tall Phoenician ships stole in,
And North Sea war-boats, painted and gay,
Flashed like dragon-flies, Erith way ;
And Norseman and Negro and Gaul and Greek
Drank with the Britons in Barking Creek,
And life was gay, and the world was new,
And I was a mile across at Kew !
But the Roman came with a heavy hand,
And bridged and roaded and ruled the land,
And the Roman left and the Danes blew in—
And that's where your history-books begin ! ”

THE LAND

WHEN Julius Fabricius, Sub-Prefect of the Weald,
In the days of Diocletian owned our Lower River-
field,

He called to him Hobdenius—a Briton of the Clay,
Saying : “ What about that River-piece for layin’
in to hay ? ”

And the aged Hobden answered : “ I remember
as a lad

My father told your father that she wanted dreenin’
bad.

An’ the more that you neeglect her the less you’ll
get her clean.

Have it jest *as* you’ve a mind to, but, if I was you,
I’d dreene.”

So they drained it long and crossways in the lavish
Roman style—

Still we find among the river-drift their flakes of
ancient tile,

And in drouthy middle August, when the bones of
meadows show,

We can trace the lines they followed sixteen hundred
years ago.

Then Julius Fabricius died as even Prefects do,
And after certain centuries, Imperial Rome died
too.

Then did robbers enter Britain from across the
 Northern main
 And our Lower River-field was won by Ogier the
 Dane.

Well could Ogier work his war-boat—well could
 Ogier wield his brand—
 Much he knew of foaming waters—not so much
 of farming land.
 So he called to him a Hobden of the old unaltered
 blood,
 Saying: “What about that River-piece? she
 doesn’t look no good.”

And that aged Hobden answered: “’Tain’t for
me to interfere,
 But I’ve known that bit o’ meadow now for five
 and fifty year.
 Have it *jest* as you’ve a mind to, but I’ve proved it
 time on time,
 If you want to change her nature you have *got* to
 give her lime!”

Ogier sent his wains to Lewes, twenty hours’
 solemn walk,
 And drew back great abundance of the cool, grey,
 healing chalk.
 And old Hobden spread it broadcast, never heeding
 what was in’t.—
 Which is why in cleaning ditches, now and then
 we find a flint.

Ogier died. His sons grew English—Anglo-Saxon was their name—

Till out of blossomed Normandy another pirate came ;

For Duke William conquered England and divided with his men,

And our Lower River-field he gave to William of Warenne.

But the Brook (you know her habit) rose one rainy autumn night

And tore down sodden flitches of the bank to left and right.

So, said William to his Bailiff as they rode their dripping rounds :

“Hob, what about that River-bit—the Brook’s got up no bounds ?”

And that aged Hobden answered : “ ’Tain’t my business to advise,

But ye might ha’ known ’twould happen from the way the valley lies.

Where ye can’t hold back the water you must try and save the sile.

Hev it jest as you’ve a *mind* to, but, if I was you, I’d spile ! ”

They spiled along the water-course with trunks of willow-trees,

And planks of elms behind ’em and immortal oaken knees.

And when the spates of Autumn whirl the gravel-
beds away
You can see their faithful fragments, iron-hard in
iron clay.

.
Georgii Quinti Anno Sexto, I, who own the River-
field,
Am fortified with title-deeds, attested, signed and
sealed,
Guaranteeing me, my assigns, my executors and
heirs
All sorts of powers and profits which—are neither
mine nor theirs.

I have rights of chase and warren, as my dignity
requires.
I can fish—but Hobden tickles. I can shoot—
but Hobden wires.
I repair, but he reopens, certain gaps which, men
allege,
Have been used by every Hobden since a Hobden
swapped a hedge.

Shall I dog his morning progress o'er the track-
betraying dew?
Demand his dinner-basket into which my pheasant
flew?
Confiscate his evening faggot under which my
conies ran,
And summons him to judgment? I would sooner
summons Pan.

His dead are in the churchyard—thirty generations
laid.

Their names were old in history when Domesday
Book was made ;

And the passion and the piety and prowess of his
line

Have seeded, rooted, fruited in some land the Law
calls mine.

Not for any beast that burrows, not for any bird
that flies,

Would I lose his large sound council, miss his keen
amending eyes.

He is bailiff, woodman, wheelwright, field-
surveyor, engineer,

And if flagrantly a poacher—'tain't for me to
interfere.

“Hob, what about that River-bit?” I turn to
him again,

With Fabricius and Ogier and William of Warenne.

“Hev it jest as you've a mind to, *but*”—and here
he takes command.

For whoever pays the taxes old Mus' Hobden owns
the land.

THE ROMAN CENTURION'S SONG

(ROMAN OCCUPATION OF BRITAIN, A.D. 300)

LEGATE, I had the news last night—my cohort
ordered home

By ship to Portus Itius and thence by road to Rome.
I've marched the companies aboard, the arms are
stowed below :

Now let another take my sword. Command me
not to go !

I've served in Britain forty years, from Vectis to
the Wall.

I have none other home than this, nor any life
at all.

Last night I did not understand, but, now the hour
draws near

That calls me to my native land, I feel that land is
here.

Here where men say my name was made, here
where my work was done ;

Here where my dearest dead are laid—my wife—
my wife and son ;

Here where time, custom, grief and toil, age,
memory, service, love,

Have rooted me in British soil. Ah, how can I
remove ?

For me this land, that sea, these airs, those folk and
fields suffice.

What purple Southern pomp can match our
changeeful Northern skies,

Black with December snows unshed or pearled
with August haze—

The clanging arch of steel-grey March, or June's
long-lighted days ?

You'll follow widening Rhodanus till vine and
olive lean

Aslant before the sunny breeze that sweeps
Nemausus clean

To Arelate's triple gate ; but let me linger on,
Here where our stiff-necked British oaks confront
Euroclydon !

You'll take the old Aurelian Road through shore-
descending pines

Where, blue as any peacock's neck, the Tyrrhene
Ocean shines.

You'll go where laurel crowns are won, but—will
you e'er forget

The scent of hawthorn in the sun, or bracken in
the wet ?

Let me work here for Britain's sake—at any task
you will—

A marsh to drain, a road to make or native troops
to drill.

Some Western camp (I know the Pict) or granite
 Border keep,
 Mid seas of heather derelict, where our old mess-
 mates sleep.

Legate, I come to you in tears—My cohort ordered
 home !

I've served in Britain forty years. What should I
 do in Rome ?

Here is my heart, my soul, my mind—the only life
 I know.

I cannot leave it all behind. Command me not to
 go !

THE WAY THROUGH THE WOODS

THEY shut the road through the woods
 Seventy years ago.

Weather and rain have undone it again,
 And now you would never know

There was once a road through the woods
 Before they planted the trees.

It is underneath the coppice and heath,
 And the thin anemones.

Only the keeper sees

That, where the ring-dove broods,

And the badgers roll at ease,

There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods
 Of a summer evening late,
 When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools
 Where the otter whistles his mate,
 (They fear not men in the woods,
 Because they see so few.)
 You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,
 And the swish of a skirt in the dew,
 Steadily cantering through
 The misty solitudes,
 As though they perfectly knew
 The old lost road through the woods. . . .
 But there is no road through the woods.

A TREE SONG

(A. D. 1200)

OF ALL the trees that grow so fair,
 Old England to adorn,
 Greater are none beneath the Sun,
 Than Oak, and Ash, and Thorn.
 Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs,
 (All of a Midsummer morn !)
 Surely we sing no little thing,
 In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn !

 Oak of the Clay lived many a day,
 Or ever Æneas began.
 Ash of the Loam was a lady at home,
 When Brut was an outlaw man.

Thorn of the Down saw New Troy 'Town
 (From which was London born) ;
 Witness hereby the ancientry
 Of Oak, and Ash, and Thorn !

Yew that is old in churchyard-mould,
 He breedeth a mighty bow.
 Alder for shoes do wise men choose,
 And beech for cups also.
 But when ye have killed, and your bowl is spilled,
 And your shoes are clean outworn,
 Back ye must speed for all that ye need,
 To Oak, and Ash, and Thorn !

Ellum she hateth mankind, and waiteth
 Till every gust be laid,
 To drop a limb on the head of him
 That anyway trusts her shade.
 But whether a lad be sober or sad,
 Or mellow with ale from the horn,
 He will take no wrong when he lieth along
 'Neath Oak, and Ash, and Thorn !

Oh, do not tell the Priest our plight,
 Or he would call it a sin ;
 But—we have been out in the woods all night,
 A-conjuring Summer in !
 And we bring you news by word of mouth—
 Good news for cattle and corn—
 Now is the Sun come up from the South,
 With Oak, and Ash, and Thorn !

Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs
 (All of a Midsummer morn) !
 England shall bide till Judgment Tide,
 By Oak, and Ash, and Thorn !

THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN

OUR England is a garden that is full of stately
 views,
 Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and
 avenues,
 With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting
 by ;
 But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than
 meets the eye.

For where the old thick laurels grow, along the
 thin red wall,
 You find the tool- and potting-sheds which are the
 heart of all ;
 The cold-frames and the hot-houses, the dungpits
 and the tanks,
 The rollers, carts and drain-pipes, with the barrows
 and the planks.

And there you'll see the gardeners, the men and
 'prentice boys
 Told off to do as they are bid and do it without
 noise ;
 For, except when seeds are planted and we shout
 to scare the birds,
 The Glory of the Garden it abideth not in words.

And some can pot begonias and some can bud a
 rose,
 And some are hardly fit to trust with anything that
 grows ;
 But they can roll and trim the lawns and sift the
 sand and loam,
 For the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who
 come.

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are
 not made
 By singing :—" Oh, how beautiful ! " and sitting
 in the shade,
 While better men than we go out and start their
 working lives
 At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with broken
 dinner-knives.

There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a
 head so thick,
 There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a
 heart so sick,
 But it can find some needful job that's crying to
 be done,
 For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one.

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work
 till further orders,
 If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on
 borders ;

And when your back stops aching and your hands
begin to harden,
You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of
the Garden.

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made
him sees
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon
his knees,
So when your work is finished, you can wash your
hands and pray
For the Glory of the Garden, that it may not pass
away !
And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away !

SUSSEX

1902

GOD gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Belovèd over all ;
That, as He watched Creation's birth,
So we, in godlike mood,
May of our love create our earth
And see that it is good.

So one shall Baltic pines content,
 As one some Surrey glade,
 Or one the palm-grove's droned lament
 Before Levuka's Trade.
 Each to his choice, and I rejoice
 The lot has fallen to me
 In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
 Yea, Sussex by the sea !

No tender-hearted garden crowns,
 No bosomed woods adorn
 Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs,
 But gnarled and writhen thorn—
 Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,
 And, through the gaps revealed,
 Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim,
 Blue goodness of the Weald.

Clean of officious fence or hedge,
 Half-wild and wholly tame,
 The wise turf cloaks the white cliff edge
 As when the Romans came.
 What sign of those that fought and died
 At shift of sword and sword ?
 The barrow and the camp abide,
 The sunlight and the sward.

Here leaps ashore the full Sou'west
 All heavy-winged with brine,
 Here lies above the folded crest
 The Channel's leaden line ;

And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,
 And here, each warning each,
 The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring
 Along the hidden beach.

We have no waters to delight
 Our broad and brookless vales—
 Only the dewpond on the height
 Unfed, that never fails—
 Whereby no tattered herbage tells
 Which way the season flies—
 Only our close-bit thyme that smells
 Like dawn in Paradise.

Here, through the strong and shadeless days
 The tinkling silence thrills ;
 Or little, lost, Down churches praise
 The Lord who made the hills :
 But here the Old Gods guard their round,
 And, in her secret heart,
 The heathen kingdom Wilfrid found
 Dreams, as she dwells, apart.

Though all the rest were all my share,
 With equal soul I'd see
 Her nine-and-thirty sisters fair,
 Yet none more fair than she.
 Choose ye your need from Thames to Tweed,
 And I will choose instead
 Such lands as lie 'twixt Rake and Rye,
 Black Down and Beachy Head.

I will go out against the sun
 Where the rolled scarp retires,

And the Long Man of Wilmington
 Looks naked toward the shires ;
 And east till doubling Rother crawls
 To find the fickle tide,
 By dry and sea-forgotten walls,
 Our ports of stranded pride.

I will go north about the shaws
 And the deep ghylls that breed
 Huge oaks and old, the which we hold
 No more than Sussex weed ;
 Or south where windy Piddinghoe's
 Begilded dolphin veers
 And red beside wide-bankèd Ouse
 Lie down our Sussex steers.

So to the land our hearts we give
 Till the sure magic strike,
 And Memory, Use, and Love make live
 Us and our fields alike—
 That deeper than our speech and thought,
 Beyond our reason's sway,
 Clay of the pit whence we were wrought
 Yearn to its fellow-clay.

*God gives all men all earth to love,
 But since man's heart is small,
 Ordains for each one spot shall prove
 Belovèd over all.*

*Each to his choice, and I rejoice
 The lot has fallen to me
 In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
 Yea, Sussex by the sea !*

A SCHOOL SONG

(Prelude to Stalky and Co.)

“LET us now praise famous men”—

Men of little showing—
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Greater than their knowing !

Western wind and open surge
Took us from our mothers—
Flung us on a naked shore
(Twelve bleak houses by the shore !
Seven summers by the shore !)
’Mid two hundred brothers.

There we met with famous men
Set in office o’er us ;
And they beat on us with rods—
Faithfully with many rods—
Daily beat us on with rods,
For the love they bore us !

Out of Egypt unto Troy—
Over Himalaya—
Far and sure our bands have gone—
Hy-Brazil or Babylon,
Islands of the Southern Run,
And Cities of Cathaia !

And we all praise famous men—
Ancients of the College ;

For they taught us common sense—
 Tried to teach us common sense—
 Truth and God's Own Common Sense,
 Which is more than knowledge !

Each degree of Latitude
 Strung about Creation
 Seeth one or more of us
 (Of one muster each of us),
 Diligent in that he does,
 Keen in his vocation.

This we learned from famous men,
 Knowing not its uses,
 When they showed, in daily work,
 Man must finish off his work—
 Right or wrong, his daily work—
 And without excuses.

Servants of the Staff and chain,
 Mine and fuse and grapnel—
 Some, before the face of Kings,
 Stand before the face of Kings ;
 Bearing gifts to divers Kings—
 Gifts of case and shrapnel.

This we learned from famous men
 Teaching in our borders,
 Who declarèd it was best,
 Safest, easiest, and best—
 Expeditious, wise, and best—
 To obey your orders.

Some beneath the further stars
 Bear the greater burden :
 Set to serve the lands they rule,
 (Save he serve no man may rule),
 Serve and love the lands they rule ;
 Seeking praise nor guerdon.

This we learned from famous men,
 Knowing not we learned it.
 Only, as the years went by—
 Lonely, as the years went by—
 Far from help as years went by,
 Plainer we discerned it.

Wherefore praise we famous men
 From whose bays we borrow—
 They that put aside To-day—
 All the joys of their To-day—
 And with toil of their To-day
 Bought for us To-morrow !

*Bless and praise we famous men—
 Men of little showing—
 For their work continueth,
 And their work continueth,
 Broad and deep continueth,
 Great beyond their knowing !*

TOMMY

I WENT into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
 The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-
 coats here."

The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled
fit to die,

I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I :

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
"Tommy, go away" ;

But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when
the band begins to play—

The band begins to play, my boys, the band
begins to play,

O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the
band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,

They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none
for me ;

They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord ! they'll shove
me in the stalls !

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
"Tommy, wait outside" ;

But it's "Special train for Atkins" when the
trooper's on the tide—

The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the
troopship's on the tide,

O it's "Special train for Atkins" when the
trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you
while you sleep

Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're star-
vation cheap ;

An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin'
 large a bit
 Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.
 Then it's 'Tommy this, an' 'Tommy that, an'
 " 'Tommy, 'ow's yer soul ? "
 But it's " 'Thin red line of 'eroes " when the
 drums begin to roll—
 The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums
 begin to roll,
 O it's " 'Thin red line of 'eroes " when the
 drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no
 blackguards too,
 But single men in barricks, most remarkable like
 you ;
 An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy
 paints,
 Why, single men in barricks don't grow into
 plaster saints ;
 While it's 'Tommy this, an' 'Tommy that, an'
 " 'Tommy, fall be'ind,"
 But it's " Please to walk in front, sir," when
 there's trouble in the wind—
 There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's
 trouble in the wind,
 O it's " Please to walk in front, sir," when
 there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an'
 fires, an all :

We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove
it to our face

The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's
disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
"Chuck him out, the brute!"

But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the
guns begin to shoot;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
anything you please;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet
that Tommy sees!

THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR

WHEN you've shouted "Rule Britannia," when
you've sung "God Save the Queen,"

When you've finished killing Kruger with your
mouth,

Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little
tambourine

For a gentleman in *khaki* ordered South?

He's an absent-minded beggar, and his weaknesses
are great—

But we and Paul must take him as we find him—
He is out on active service, wiping something off
a slate—

And he's left a lot of little things behind him!
Duke's son—cook's son—son of a hundred kings—

(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table
Bay !)

Each of 'em doing his country's work
(and who's to look after their things ?)
Pass the hat for your credit's sake,
and pay—pay—pay !

There are girls he married secret, asking no per-
mission to,

For he knew he wouldn't get it if he did.

There is gas and coals and vittles, and the house-
rent falling due,

And it's more than rather likely there's a kid.

There are girls he walked with casual. They'll be
sorry now he's gone,

For an absent-minded beggar they will find him,
But it ain't the time for sermons with the winter
coming on.

We must help the girl that Tommy's left behind
him !

Cook's son—Duke's son—son of a belted Earl—
Son of a Lambeth publican—it's all the same
to-day !

Each of 'em doing his country's work
(and who's to look after the girl ?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake,
and pay—pay—pay !

There are families by thousands, far too proud to
beg or speak,

And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the
spout,

And they'll live on half o' nothing, paid 'em
punctual once a week,

'Cause the man that earns the wage is ordered
out.

He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his
country call,

And his reg'ment didn't need to send to find
him !

He chucked his job and joined it—so the job before
us all

Is to help the home that Tommy's left behind
him !

Duke's job—cook's job—gardener, baronet,
groom,

Mews or palace or paper-shop, there's someone
gone away !

Each of 'em doing his country's work
(and who's to look after the room ?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake,
and pay—pay—pay !

Let us manage so as, later, we can look him in the
face,

And tell him—what he'd very much prefer—
That, while he saved the Empire, his employer
saved his place,

And his mates (that's you and me) looked out
for *her*.

He's an absent-minded beggar and he may forget
it all,

But we do not want his kiddies to remind him

That we sent 'em to the workhouse while their
 daddy hammered Paul,
 So we'll help the homes that Tommy left behind
 him !
 Cook's home — Duke's home — home of a
 millionaire,
 (Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table
 Bay !)
 Each of 'em doing his country's work
 (and what have you got to spare ?)
 Pass the hat for your credit's sake,
 and pay—pay—pay !

PIET

(Regular of the Line)

I do not love my Empire's foes,
 Nor call 'em angels ; still,
 What *is* the sense of 'atin' those
 'Oom you are paid to kill ?
 So, barrin' all that foreign lot
 Which only joined for spite,
 Myself, I'd just as soon as not
 Respect the man I fight.
 Ah there, Piet !—'is trousers to 'is knees,
 'Is coat-tails lyin' level in the bullet-sprinkled
 breeze ;
 'E does not lose 'is rifle an' 'e does not lose
 'is seat.
 I've known a lot 'o people ride a dam' sight
 worse than Piet.

I've 'eard 'im cryin' from the ground
 Like Abel's blood of old,
 An' skirmished out to look, an' found
 The beggar nearly cold.

I've waited on till 'e was dead
 (Which couldn't 'elp 'im much),
 But many grateful things 'e's said
 To me for doin' such.

Ah there, Piet ! whose time 'as come to die,
 'Is carcase past rebellion, but 'is eyes inquirin'
 why.

Though dressed in stolen uniform with badge
 o' rank complete,
 I've known a lot o' fellers go a dam' sight
 worse than Piet.

An' when there wasn't aught to do
 But camp and cattle-guards,
 I've fought with 'im the 'ole day through
 At fifteen 'undred yards ;
 Long afternoons o' lyin' still,
 An' 'earin' as you lay
 The bullets swish from 'ill to 'ill
 Like scythes among the 'ay.

Ah there, Piet !—be'ind 'is stony kop—
 With 'is Boer bread an' biltong,¹ an' 'is flask
 of awful Dop ;²
 'Is Mauser for amusement an' 'is pony for
 retreat,
 I've known a lot o' fellers shoot a dam' sight
 worse than Piet.

¹ Dried meat. ² Cape brandy.

He's shoved 'is rifle 'neath my nose
 Before I'd time to think,
 An' borrowed all my Sunday clo'es
 An' sent me 'ome in pink ;
 An' I 'ave crept (Lord, 'ow I've crept !)
 On 'ands an' knees I've gone,
 And spooed and floored and caught and kept
 An' sent him to Ceylon !¹

Ah there, Piet !—you've sold me many a pup,
 When week on week alternate it was you an'
 me “ 'ands up ! ”

But though I never made *you* walk man-
 naked in the 'eat,
 I've known a lot o' fellers stalk a dam' sight
 worse than Piet.

From Plewman's to Marabastad,
 From Ookiep to De Aar,
 Me an' my trusty friend 'ave 'ad,
 As you might say, a war ;
 But seein' what both parties done
 Before 'e owned defeat,
 I ain't more proud of 'avin' won,
 Than I am pleased with Piet.

Ah there, Piet !—picked up be'ind the drive !
 The wonder wasn't 'ow 'e fought, but 'ow 'e
 kep' alive,

With nothin' in 'is belly, on 'is back, or to 'is
 feet—

I've known a lot o' men behave a dam' sight
 worse than Piet.

¹ One of the camps for prisoners of this war was in Ceylon.

No more I'll 'ear 'is rifle crack
 Along the block'ouse fence—
 The beggar's on the peaceful tack,
 Regardless of expense ;
 For countin' what 'e eats an' draws,
 An' gifts an' loans as well,
 'E's gettin' 'alf the Earth, because
 'E didn't give us 'Ell !
 Ah there, Piet ! with your brand-new English
 plough,
 Your gratis tents an' cattle, an' your most
 ungrateful frow,
 You've made the British taxpayer rebuild your
 country-seat—
 I've known some pet battalions charge a dam'
 sight less than Piet.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

1899

TAKE up the White Man's burden—
 Send forth the best ye breed—
 Go bind your sons to exile
 To serve your captives' need ;
 To wait in heavy harness,
 On fluttered folk and wild—
 Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
 Half-devil and half-child.

Take up the White Man's Burden—
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride ;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit,
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine
And bid the sickness cease ;
And when your goal is nearest
The end for others sought,
Watch Sloth and heathen Folly
Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden—
No tawdry rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go make them with your living,
And mark them with your dead !

Take up the White Man's burden—
And reap his old reward :
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard—

ENGLAND AND EMPIRE

The cry of hosts ye humour
 (Ah, slowly !) toward the light :—
“ Why brought ye us from bondage,
 “ Our loved Egyptian night ? ”

Take up the White Man's burden—
 Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
 To cloak your weariness ;
By all ye cry or whisper,
 By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
 Shall weigh your Gods and you:

Take up the White Man's burden—
 Have done with childish days—
The lightly proffered laurel,
 The easy, ungrudged praise.
Comes now, to search your manhood
 Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
 The judgment of your peers !

THE SONG OF THE WOMEN

*(Lady Dufferin's Fund for medical aid to the Women
of India)*

How shall she know the worship we would do her ?
 The walls are high and she is very far.
How shall the women's message reach unto her
 Above the tumult of the packed bazaar ?

Free wind of March, against the lattice
blowing,
Bear thou our thanks lest she depart un-
knowing.

Go forth across the fields we may not roam in,
Go forth beyond the trees that rim the city
To whatsoe'er fair place she hath her home in,
Who dowered us with wealth of love and pity.
Out of our shadow pass and seek her singing—
“I have no gifts but Love alone for bringing.”

Say that we be a feeble folk who greet her,
But old in grief, and very wise in tears :
Say that we, being desolate, entreat her
That she forget us not in after-years ;
For we have seen the light and it were grievous
To dim that dawning if our Lady leave us.

By Life that ebbed with none to staunch the failing,
By Love's sad harvest garnered ere the spring,
When Love in Ignorance wept unavailing
O'er young buds dead before their blossoming ;
By all the grey owl watched, the pale moon
viewed,
In past grim years declare our gratitude !

By hands uplifted to the Gods that heard not,
By gifts that found no favour in their sight,
By faces bent above the babe that stirred not,
By nameless horrors of the stifling night ;
By ills fordone, by peace her toils discover,

ENGLAND AND EMPIRE

Bid Earth be good beneath and Heaven above
her !

If she have sent her servants in our pain,
If she have fought with Death and dulled his
sword ;

If she have given back our sick again,
And to the breast the weakling lips restored,
Is it a little thing that she has wrought ?
Then Life and Death and Motherhood be
nought.

Go forth, O Wind, our message on thy wings,
And they shall hear thee pass and bid thee speed,
In reed-roofed hut, or white-walled home of kings,
Who have been holpen by her in their need.

All spring shall give thee fragrance, and the
wheat

Shall be a tasselled floorcloth to thy feet.

Haste, for our hearts are with thee, take no rest !

Loud-voiced ambassador, from sea to sea
Proclaim the blessing, manifold, confest,
Of those in darkness by her hand set free,
Then very softly to her presence move,
And whisper : " Lady, lo, they know and
love ! "

RECESSIONAL

1897

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line

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RACK : C125:3

Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies ;
 The Captains and the Kings depart :
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !

Far-called, our navies melt away ;
 On dune and headland sinks the fire :
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
 For frantic boast and foolish word—
 Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord !

MEN AND WOMEN

“WHEN ’OMER SMOTE ’IS BLOOMIN’ LYRE”

THE LADIES

“RIMINI”

THE VAMPIRE

TOMLINSON

PAGETT, M.P.

M’ANDREW’S HYMN

MULHOLLAND’S CONTRACT

GUNGA DIN

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

“BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN”

THE MOTHER-LODGE

POSSIBILITIES

IF—

“WHEN ’OMER SMOTE ’IS
BLOOMIN’ LYRE”

WHEN ’Omer smote ’is bloomin’ lyre,
He’d ’eard men sing by land an’ sea ;
An’ what he thought ’e might require,
’E went an’ took—the same as me !

The market-girls an’ fishermen,
The shepherds an’ the sailors, too,
They ’eard old songs turn up again,
But kep’ it quiet—same as you !

They knew ’e stole ; ’e knew they knowed.
They didn’t tell, nor make a fuss,
But winked at ’Omer down the road,
An’ ’e winked back—the same as us !

THE LADIES

I’VE taken my fun where I’ve found it ;
I’ve rogued an’ I’ve ranged in my time ;
I’ve ’ad my pickin’ o’ sweethearts,
An’ four o’ the lot was prime.
One was an ’arf-caste widow,
One was a woman at Prome,
One was the wife of a *jemadar-sais*,¹
An’ one is a girl at ’ome.

*Now I aren’t no ’and with the ladies,
For, takin’ ’em all along,
You never can say till you’ve tried ’em,
An’ then you are like to be wrong.*

¹ Head-groom.

*There's times when you'll think that you mightn't,
There's times when you'll know that you might,
But the things you will learn from the Yellow an' Brown,
They'll 'elp you a lot with the White !*

I was a young un at 'Oogli,
Shy as a girl to begin ;
Aggie de Castrer she made me,
An' Aggie was clever as sin ;
Older than me, but my first un—
More like a mother she were—
Showed me the way to promotion an' pay,
An' I learned about women from 'er !

Then I was ordered to Burma,
Actin' in charge o' Bazar,
An' I got me a tiddy live 'eathen
Through buyin' supplies off 'er pa.
Funny an' yellow an' faithful—
Doll in a teacup she were—
But we lived on the square, like a true-married pair,
An' I learned about women from 'er !

Then we was shifted to Neemuch
(Or I might ha' been keepin' 'er now),
An' I took with a shiny she-devil,
The wife of a nigger at Mhow ;
'Taught me the gipsy-folks' *bole* ;¹
Kind o' volcano she were,
For she knifed me one night 'cause I wished she
was white,
And I learned about women from 'er !

¹ Slang.

MEN AND WOMEN

Then I come 'ome in a trooper,
 'Long of a kid o' sixteen—
'Girl from a convent at Meerut,
 The straightest I ever 'ave seen.
Love at first sight was 'er trouble,
 She didn't know what it were ;
An' I wouldn't do such, 'cause I liked 'er too much,
 But—I learned about women from 'er !

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
 An' now I must pay for my fun,
For the more you 'ave known o' the others
 The less will you settle to one ;
An' the end of it's sittin' and thinkin',
 An' dreamin' Hell-fires to see ;
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will
 not),
 An' learn about women from me !

*What did the Colonel's Lady think ?
 Nobody never knew.
Somebody asked the Sergeant's Wife,
 An' she told 'em true !
When you get to a man in the case,
 They're like as a row of pins—
For the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady
 Are sisters under their skins !*

“RIMINI”

(Marching Song of a Roman Legion of the Later Empire)

WHEN I left Rome for Lalage's sake,
By the Legions' Road to Rimini,
She vowed her heart was mine to take
With me and my shield to Rimini—
(Till the Eagles flew from Rimini—)
And I've tramped Britain, and I've tramped Gaul,
And the Pontic shore where the snow-flakes fall
As white as the neck of Lalage—
(As cold as the heart of Lalage !)
And I've lost Britain, and I've lost Gaul,
And I've lost Rome and, worst of all,
I've lost Lalage !

When you go by the Via Aurelia,
As thousands have travelled before,
Remember the Luck of the Soldier
Who never saw Rome any more !
Oh dear was the sweetheart that kissed him,
And dear was the mother that bore ;
But his shield was picked up in the heather,
And he never saw Rome any more !

And *he* left Rome, etc.

When you go by the Via Aurelia
That runs from the City to Gaul,
Remember the Luck of the Soldier
Who rose to be master of all !

MEN AND WOMEN

He carried the sword and the buckler,
He mounted his guard on the Wall,
Till the Legions elected him Cæsar,
And he rose to be master of all !

And *he* left Rome, etc.

It's twenty-five marches to Narbo,
It's forty-five more up the Rhone,
And the end may be death in the heather
Or life on an Emperor's throne.
But whether the Eagles obey us,
Or we go to the Ravens—alone,
I'd sooner be Lalage's lover
Than sit on an Emperor's throne !

We've *all* left Rome for Lalage's sake, etc.

THE VAMPIRE

1897

A FOOL there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I !)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care)
But the fool he called her his lady fair—
(Even as you and I !)

*Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand !*

RUDYARD KIPLING

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I !)
Honour and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant)
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I !)

*Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand !*

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I !)
Which she might have seen when she threw him
aside—
(But it isn't on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived but the most of him died—
(Even as you and I !)

*And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white hot brand—
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing, at last, she could never know why)
And never could understand !*

TOMLINSON

1891

Now Tomlinson gave up the ghost at his house in
Berkeley Square,
And a Spirit came to his bedside and gripped him
by the hair—

A Spirit gripped him by the hair and carried him
far away,

Till he heard as the roar of a rain-fed ford the roar
of the Milky Way :

Till he heard the roar of the Milky Way die down
and drone and cease,

And they came to the Gate within the Wall where
Peter holds the keys.

“ Stand up, stand up now, Tomlinson, and answer
loud and high

“ The good that ye did for the sake of men or ever
ye came to die—

“ The good that ye did for the sake of men on little
earth so lone ! ”

And the naked soul of Tomlinson grew white as a
rain-washed bone.

“ O I have a friend on earth,” he said, “ that was
my priest and guide,

“ And well would he answer all for me if he were
at my side.”

—“ For that ye strove in neighbour-love it shall
be written fair,

“ But now ye wait at Heaven’s Gate and not in
Berkeley Square :

“ Though we called your friend from his bed this
night, he could not speak for you,

“ For the race is run by one and one and never by
two and two.”

Then Tomlinson looked up and down, and little
gain was there,

For the naked stars grinned overhead, and he saw
that his soul was bare.

The Wind that blows between the Worlds, it cut
him like a knife,

And Tomlinson took up the tale and spoke of his
good in life.

“O this I have read in a book,” he said, “and that
was told to me,

“And this I have thought that another man
thought of a Prince in Muscovy.”

The good souls flocked like homing doves and
bade him clear the path,

And Peter twirled the jangling Keys in weariness
and wrath.

“Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought,”
he said, “and the tale is yet to run :

“By the worth of the body that once ye had, give
answer—what ha’ ye done ? ”

Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and little
good it bore,

For the darkness stayed at his shoulder-blade and
Heaven’s Gate before :—

“O this I have felt, and this I have guessed, and
this I have heard men say,

“And this they wrote that another man wrote of a
carl in Norroway.”

“Ye have read, ye have felt, ye have guessed,
good lack ! Ye have hampered Heaven’s
Gate ;

“There’s little room between the stars in idleness
to prate !

“ O none may reach by hired speech of neighbour,
priest, and kin

“ Through borrowed deed to God’s good meed
that lies so fair within ;

“ Get hence, get hence to the Lord of Wrong, for
the doom has yet to run,

“ And . . . the faith that ye share with Berkeley
Square uphold you, Tomlinson ! ”

The Spirit gripped him by the hair, and sun by
sun they fell

Till they came to the belt of Naughty Stars that
rim the mouth of Hell.

The first are red with pride and wrath, the next are
white with pain,

But the third are black with clinkered sin that
cannot burn again.

They may hold their path, they may leave their
path, with never a soul to mark :

They may burn or freeze, but they must not cease
in the Scorn of the Outer Dark.

The Wind that blows between the Worlds, it
nipped him to the bone,

And he yearned to the flare of Hell-gate there as
the light of his own hearth-stone.

The Devil he sat behind the bars, where the des-
perate legions drew,

But he caught the hasting Tomlinson and would
not let him through.

“ Wot ye the price of good pit-coal that I must
pay ? ” said he,

“ That ye rank yoursel’ so fit for Hell and ask no
leave of me ?

“ I am all o’er-sib to Adam’s breed that ye should
give me scorn,

“ For I strove with God for your First Father the
day that he was born.

“ Sit down, sit down upon the slag, and answer
loud and high

“ The harm that ye did to the Sons of Men or ever
you came to die.”

And Tomlinson looked up and up, and saw against
the night

The belly of a tortured star blood-red in Hell-
Mouth light ;

And Tomlinson looked down and down, and saw
beneath his feet

The frontlet of a tortured star milk-white in Hell-
Mouth heat.

“ O I had a love on earth,” said he, “ that kissed
me to my fall ;

“ And if ye would call my love to me I know she
would answer all.”

—“ All that ye did in love forbid it shall be written
fair,

“ But now ye wait at Hell-Mouth Gate and not in
Berkeley Square :

“ Though we whistled your love from her bed
to-night, I trow she would not run,

“ For the sin ye do by two and two ye must pay
for one by one ! ”

The Wind that blows between the Worlds, it cut
him like a knife,

And Tomlinson took up the tale and spoke of his
sins in life :—

“Once I ha’ laughed at the power of Love and
twice at the grip of the Grave,

“And thrice I ha’ patted my God on the head that
men might call me brave.”

The Devil he blew on a brandered soul and set it
aside to cool :—

“Do ye think I would waste my good pit-coal on
the hide of a brain-sick fool ?

“I see no worth in the hobnailed mirth or the
jolthead jest ye did

“That I should waken my gentlemen that are
sleeping three on a grid.”

Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and there
was little grace.

For Hell-Gate filled the houseless soul with the
Fear of Naked Space.

“Nay, this I ha’ heard,” quo’ Tomlinson, “and
this was noised abroad,

“And this I ha’ got from a Belgian book on the
word of a dead French lord.”

—“Ye ha’ heard, ye ha’ read, ye ha’ got, good
lack ! and the tale begins afresh—

“Have ye sinned one sin for the pride o’ the eye
or the sinful lust of the flesh ? ”

Then Tomlinson he gripped the bars and yam-
mered, “Let me in—

“For I mind that I borrowed my neighbour’s wife
to sin the deadly sin.”

The Devil he grinned behind the bars, and banked
the fires high :

“Did ye read of that sin in a book ?” said he ;
and Tomlinson said, “Ay !”

The Devil he blew upon his nails, and the little
devils ran,

And he said : “Go husk this whimpering thief
that comes in the guise of a man :

“Winnow him out ’twixt star and star, and sieve
his proper worth :

“There’s sore decline in Adam’s line if this be
spawn of earth.”

Empusa’s crew, so naked-new they may not face
the fire,

But weep that they bin too small to sin to the
height of their desire,

Over the coal they chased the Soul, and racked it
all abroad,

As children rifle a caddis-case or the raven’s foolish
hoard.

And back they came with the tattered Thing, as
children after play,

And they said : “The soul that he got from God
he has bartered clean away.

“We have threshed a stook of print and book,
and winnowed a chattering wind,

“And many a soul wherefrom he stole, but his
we cannot find.

“ We have handled him, we have dandled him, we
have seared him to the bone,

“ And Sire, if tooth and nail show truth he has no
soul of his own.”

The Devil he bowed his head on his breast and
rumbled deep and low :—

“ I’m all o’er-sib to Adam’s breed that I should
bid him go.

“ Yet close we lie, and deep we lie, and if I gave
him place,

“ My gentlemen that are so proud would flout me
to my face ;

“ They’d call my house a common stews and me a
careless host,

“ And—I would not anger my gentlemen for the
sake of a shiftless ghost.”

The Devil he looked at the mangled Soul that
prayed to feel the flame,

And he thought of Holy Charity, but he thought
of his own good name :—

“ Now ye could haste my coal to waste, and sit ye
down to fry.

“ Did ye think of that theft for yourself ? ” said he ;
and Tomlinson said, “ Ay ! ”

The Devil he blew an outward breath, for his heart
was free from care :—

“ Ye have scarce the soul of a louse,” he said,
“ but the roots of sin are there.

“ And for that sin should ye come in were I the
lord alone,

- “ But sinful pride has rule inside—ay, mightier
than my own.
- “ Honour and Wit, fore-damned they sit, to each
his Priest and Whore ;
- “ Nay, scarce I dare myself go there, and you they’d
torture sore.
- “ Ye are neither spirit nor spirk,” he said ; “ ye
are neither book nor brute—
- “ Go, get ye back to the flesh again for the sake of
Man’s repute.
- “ I’m all o’er-sib to Adam’s breed that I should
mock your pain,
- “ But look that ye win to worthier sin ere ye come
back again.
- “ Get hence, the hearse is at your door—the grim
black stallions wait—
- “ They bear your clay to place to-day. Speed,
lest ye come too late !
- “ Go back to Earth with a lip unsealed—go back
with an open eye,
- “ And carry my word to the Sons of Men or ever
ye come to die :
- “ That the sin they do by two and two they must
pay for one by one,
- “ And . . . the God, that you took from a printed
book be with you, Tomlinson ! ”

MEN AND WOMEN

PAGETT, M.P.

*The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes ;
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad.*

PAGETT, M.P., was a liar, and a fluent liar there-
with,—

He spoke of the heat of India as “ The Asian Solar
Myth ” ;

’Came on a four months’ visit, to “ study the
East ” in November,

And I got him to make an agreement vowing to
stay till September.

March came in with the *kōil*. Pagett was cool and
gay,

Called me a “ bloated Brahmin,” talked of my
“ princely pay.”

March went out with the roses. “ Where is your
heat ? ” said he.

“ Coming,” said I to Pagett. “ Skittles ! ” said
Pagett, M.P.

April began with the punkah, coolies, and prickly-
heat,—

Pagett was dear to mosquitoes, sandflies found
him a treat.

He grew speckled and lumpy—hammered, I grieve
to say,

Aryan brothers who fanned him, in an illiberal way.

May set in with a dust-storm,—Pagett went down
with the sun.

All the delights of the season tickled him one by
one.

Imprimis—ten days' "liver"—due to his drinking
beer ;

Later, a dose of fever—slight, but he called it
severe.

Dysent'ry touched him in June, after the *Chota*
*Bursat*¹—

Lowered his portly person—made him yearn to
depart.

He didn't call me a "Brahmin," or "bloated," or
"over-paid,"

But seemed to think it a wonder that any one ever
stayed.

July was a trifle unhealthy,—Pagett was ill with
fear,

Called it the "Cholera Morbus," hinted that life
was dear.

He babbled of "Eastern exile," and mentioned his
home with tears ;

But I hadn't seen *my* children for close upon seven
years.

We reached a hundred and twenty once in the
Court at noon,

[I've mentioned Pagett was portly] Pagett went
off in a swoon.

¹ The early rains.

That was an end to the business. Pagett, the
perjured, fled
With a practical, working knowledge of "Solar
Myths" in his head.

And I laughed as I drove from the station, but the
mirth died out on my lips
As I thought of the fools like Pagett who write
of their "Eastern trips,"
And the sneers of the travelled idiots who duly
misgovern the land,
And I prayed to the Lord to deliver another one
into my hand.

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

1893

LORD, Thou hast made this world below the
shadow of a dream,
An', taught by time, I tak' it so—exceptin' always
Steam.
From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy
Hand, O God—
Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod.
John Calvin might ha' forged the same—enorr-
mous, certain, slow—
Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame—*my*
"Institutio."
I cannot get my sleep to-night; old bones are
hard to please;

I'll stand the middle watch up here—alone wi' God
 an' these
 My engines, after ninety days o' race an' rack an'
 strain
 Through all the seas of all Thy world, slam-bangin'
 home again.
 Slam-bang too much—they knock a wee—the
 crosshead-gibs are loose,
 But thirty thousand mile o' sea has gied them fair
 excuse. . . .
 Fine, clear an' dark—a full-draught breeze, wi'
 Ushant out o' sight,
 An' Ferguson relievin' Hay. Old girl, ye'll walk
 to-night !
 His wife's at Plymouth. . . . Seventy—One—
 Two—Three since he began—
 Three turns for Mistress Ferguson . . . and who's
 to blame the man ?
 There's none at any port for me, by drivin' fast
 or slow,
 Since Elsie Campbell went to Thee, Lord, thirty
 years ago.
 (The year the *Sarah Sands* was burned. Oh roads
 we used to tread,
 Fra' Maryhill to Pollokshaws—fra' Govan to
 Parkhead !)
 Not but they're ceevil on the Board. Ye'll hear
 Sir Kenneth say :
 " Good mornn, McAndrew ! Back again ? An'
 how's your bilge to-day ? "
 Miscallin' technicalities but handin' me my chair

To drink Madeira wi' three Earls—the auld Fleet
 Engineer
 That started as a boiler-whelp—when steam and
 he were low.
I mind the time we used to serve a broken pipe wi'
 tow !
 Ten pound was all the pressure then—Eh ! Eh !
 —a man wad drive ;
 An' here, our workin' gauges give one hunder
 sixty-five !
 We're creepin' on wi' each new rig—less weight
 an' larger power ;
 There'll be the loco-boiler next an' thirty mile an
 hour !
 Thirty an' more. What I ha' seen since ocean-
 steam began
 Leaves me na doot for the machine : but what
 about the man ?
 The man that counts, wi' all his runs, one million
 mile o' sea :
 Four time the span from earth to moon. . . . How
 far, O Lord, from Thee
 That wast beside him night an' day ? Ye mind
 my first typhoon ?
 It scoughed the skipper on his way to jock wi' the
 saloon.
 Three feet were on the stokehold-floor—just
 slappin' to an' fro—
 An' cast me on a furnace-door. I have the marks
 to show.

Marks ! I ha' marks o' more than burns—deep
in my soul an' black,
An' times like this, when things go smooth, my
wickudness comes back.
The sins o' four an' forty years, all up an' down
the seas.
Clack an' repeat like valves half-fed. . . . Forgie's
our trespasses !
Nights when I'd come on deck to mark, wi' envy
in my gaze,
The couples kittlin' in the dark between the
funnel-stays ;
Years when I raked the Ports wi' pride to fill my
cup o' wrong—
Judge not, O Lord, my steps aside at Gay Street
in Hong-Kong !
Blot out the wastrel hours of mine in sin when I
abode—
Jane Harrigan's an' Number Nine, The Reddick
an' Grant Road !
An' waur than all—my crownin' sin—rank blas-
phemy an' wild.
I was not four and twenty then—Ye wadna judge
a child ?
I'd seen the Tropics first that run—new fruit, new
smells, new air—
How could I tell—blind-fou wi' sun—the Deil
was lurkin' there ?
By day like playhouse-scenes the shore slid past
our sleepy eyes ;

By night those soft, lasceevious stars leered from
 those velvet skies,
 In port (we used no cargo-steam) I'd daunder down
 the streets—
 An ijjit grinnin' in a dream—for shells an' parra-
 keets,
 An' walkin'-sticks o' carved bamboo an' blowfish
 stuffed an' dried—
 Fillin' my bunk wi' rubbishry the Chief put
 overside.
 Till, off Sambawa Head, Ye mind, I heard a land-
 breeze ca',
 Milk-warm wi' breath o' spice an' bloom :
 "McAndrew, come awa' !"
 Firm, clear an' low—no haste, no hate—the
 ghostly whisper went,
 Just statin' eevidential facts beyon' all argument :
 "Your mither's God's a graspin' deil, the shadow
 o' yoursel',
 "Got out o' books by meenisters clean daft on
 Heaven an' Hell.
 "They mak' him in the Broomielaw, o' Glasgie
 cold an' dirt,
 "A jealous, pridefu' fetich, lad, that's only strong
 to hurt.
 "Ye'll not go back to Him again an' kiss His red-
 hot rod,
 "But come wi' Us" (Now, who were *They*?)
 "an' know the Leevin' God,
 "That does not kipper souls for sport or break a
 life in jest,

"But swells the ripenin' cocoanuts an' ripes the
woman's breast."

An' there it stopped—cut off—no more—that quiet,
certain voice—

For me, six months o' twenty-four, to leave or take
at choice.

'Twas on me like a thunderclap—it racked me
through an' through—

Temptation past the show o' speech, unnameable
an' new—

The Sin against the Holy Ghost? . . . An' under
all, our screw.

That storm blew by but left behind her anchor-
shiftin' swell.

Thou knowest all my heart an' mind, Thou
knowest, Lord, I fell—

Third on the *Mary Gloster* then, and first that night
in Hell!

Yet was Thy Hand beneath my head, about my
feet Thy Care—

Fra' Deli clear to Torres Strait, the trial o' despair,
But when we touched the Barrier Reef Thy answer
to my prayer! . . .

We dared na run that sea by night but lay an' held
our fire,

An' I was drowsin' on the hatch—sick—sick wi'
doubt an' tire:

"*Better the sight of eyes that see than wanderin' o'
desire!*"

Ye mind that word? Clear as our gongs—again,
an' once again,

When rippin' down through coral-trash ran out
our moorin'-chain :

An', by Thy Grace, I had the Light to see my duty
plain.

Light on the engine-room—no more—bright as
our carbons burn.

I've lost it since a thousand times, but never past
return !

.

Obsairve ! Per annum we'll have here two
thousand souls aboard—

Think not I dare to justify myself before the Lord,
But—average fifteen hunder souls safe-borne fra'
port to port—

I *am* o' service to my kind. Ye wadna blame the
thought ?

Maybe they steam from Grace to Wrath—to sin
by folly led—

It isna mine to judge their path—their lives are on
my head.

Mine at the last—when all is done it all comes back
to me,

The fault that leaves six thousand ton a log upon
the sea.

We'll tak' one stretch—three weeks an' odd by
ony road ye steer—

Fra' Cape Town east to Wellington—ye need an
engineer.

Fail there—ye've time to weld your shaft—ay, eat
it, ere ye're spoke ;
Or make Kerguelen under sail—three jiggers
burned wi' smoke !
An' home again—the Rio run : it's no child's
play to go
Steamin' to bell for fourteen days o' snow an' floe
an' blow.
The bergs like kelpies overside that girn an' turn
an' shift
Whaur, grindin' like the Mills o' God, goes by the
big South drift.
(Hail, Snow and Ice that praise the Lord. I've
met them at their work,
An' wished we had anither route or they anither
kirk.)
Yon's strain, hard strain, o' head an' hand, for
though Thy Power brings
All skill to naught, Ye'll understand a man must
think o' things.
Then, at the last, we'll get to port an' hoist their
baggage clear—
The passengers, wi' gloves an' canes—an' this is
what I'll hear :
“ Well, thank ye for a pleasant voyage. The
tender's comin' now.”
While I go testin' follower-bolts an' watch the
skipper bow.
They've words for every one but me—shake hands
wi' half the crew,

Except the dour Scots engineer, the man they never
knew.

An' yet I like the wark for all we've dam'-few
pickin's here—

No pension, an' the most we'll earn's four hunder
pound a year.

Better myself abroad? Maybe. *I'd* sooner starve
than sail

Wi' such as call a snifter-rod *ross*. . . . French for
nightingale.

Commeesion on my stores? Some do; but I
cannot afford

To lie like stewards wi' patty-pans. I'm older
than the Board.

A bonus on the coal I save? Ou ay, the Scots
are close,

But when I grudge the strength Ye gave I'll grudge
their food to *these*.

(There's bricks that I might recommend—an'
clink the fire-bars cruel.

No! Welsh—Wangarti at the worst—an' damn
all patent fuel!)

Inventions? Ye must stay in port to mak' a
patent pay.

My Deeferential Valve-Gear taught me how that
business lay.

I blame no chaps wi' clearer heads for aught they
make or sell.

I found that I could not invent an' look to these
as well.

So, wrestled wi' Apollyon—Nah!—fretted like a
bairn—

But burned the workin'-plans last run, wi' all I
hoped to earn.

Ye know how hard an Idol dies, an' what that
meant to me—

E'en tak' it for a sacrifice acceptable to Thee. . . .

*Below there! Oiler! What's your wark? Ye find
it runnin' hard?*

Ye needn't swill the cup wi' oil—this isn't the Cunard!

*Ye thought? Ye are not paid to think. Go, sweat
that off again!*

Tck! Tck! It's deeficult to sweer nor tak' The
Name in vain!

Men, ay an' women, call me stern. Wi' these to
oversee,

Ye'll note I've little time to burn on social repartee.

The bairns see what their elders miss; they'll hunt
me to an' fro,

Till for the sake of—well, a kiss—I tak' 'em down
below.

That minds me of our Viscount loon—Sir
Kenneth's kin—the chap

Wi' Russia leather tennis-shoon an' spar-decked
yachtin'-cap.

I showed him round last week, o'er all—an' at the
last says he:

“Mister McAndrew, don't you think steam spoils
romance at sea?”

Damned ijjit! I'd been doon that morn to see
what ailed the throws,

Manholin', on my back—the cranks three inches
off my nose.
Romance ! Those first-class passengers they like
it very well,
Printed an' bound in little books ; but why don't
poets tell ?
I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns—the loves an'
doves they dream—
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the
Song o' Steam !
To match wi Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra
sublime
Whaurto—uplifted like the Just—the tail-rods
mark the time.
The crank-throws give the double-bass, the feed-
pump sobs an' heaves,
An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel
on the sheaves :
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking
link-head bides,
Till—hear that note?—the rod's return whings
glimmerin' through the guides.
They're all awa' ! True beat, full power, the
clangin' chorus goes
Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin'
dynamoës.
Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained,
decreed,
To work, Ye'll note, at ony tilt an' every rate o'
speed.

Fra' skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted,
braced an' stayed.

An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they
are made ;

While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-
block says :

" Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the
praise ! "

Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson—
theirs an' mine :

" Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience,
Discipline ! "

Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when
roarin' they arose,

An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi'
the blows.

Oh for a man to weld it then, in one trip-hammer
strain,

Till even first-class passengers could tell the
meanin' plain !

But no one cares except mysel' that serve an'
understand

My seven thousand horse-power here. Eh, Lord !
They're grand—they're grand !

Uplift am I ? When first in store the new-made
beasties stood,

Were Ye cast down that breathed the Word
declarin' all things good ?

Not so ! O' that warld-liftin' joy no after-fall
could vex,

Ye've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man—the
Arrtifex !

That holds, in spite o' knock and scale, o' friction,
waste an' slip,

An' by that light—now, mark my word—we'll
build the Perfect Ship.

I'll never last to judge her lines or take her curve—
not I.

But I ha' lived an' I ha' worked. Be thanks to
'Thee, Most High !

An' I ha' done what I ha' done—judge 'Thou if
ill or well—

Always 'Thy Grace preventin' me. . . .

Losh ! Yon's the "Stand-by" bell.
Pilot so soon ? His flare it is. The mornin'-
watch is set.

Well, God be thanked, as I was sayin', I'm no
Pelagian yet.

Now I'll tak' on. . . .

*'Morrn, Ferguson. Man, have ye ever thought
What your good leddy costs in coal . . . I'll burn
'em down to port.*

MULHOLLAND'S CONTRACT

1894

THE fear was on the cattle, for the gale was on the sea,
An' the pens broke up on the lower deck an' let
the creatures free—

An' the lights went out on the lower deck, an' no
one near but me.

I had been singin' to them to keep 'em quiet there,
 For the lower deck is the dangerousest, requirin'
 constant care,
 An' give to me as the strongest man, though used
 to drink and swear.

I seed my chance was certain of bein' horned or
 trod,
 For the lower deck was packed with steers thicker'n
 peas in a pod,
 An' more pens broke at every roll—so I made a
 Contract with God.

An' by the terms of the Contract, as I have read the
 same,
 If He got me to port alive I would exalt His Name,
 An' praise His Holy Majesty till further orders
 came.

He saved me from the cattle an' He saved me
 from the sea,
 For they found me 'tween two drowned ones
 where the roll had landed me—
 An' a four-inch crack on top of my head, as crazy
 as could be.

But that were done by a stanchion, an' not by a
 bullock at all,
 An' I lay still for seven weeks convalescing of the
 fall,
 An' readin' the shiny Scripture texts in the Seaman's
 Hospital.

An' I spoke to God of our Contract, an' He says
to my prayer :

"I never puts on My ministers no more than they
can bear.

"So back you go to the cattle-boats an' preach
My Gospel there.

"For human life is chancy at any kind of trade,
"But most of all, as well you know, when the
steers are mad-afraid ;

"So you go back to the cattle-boats an' preach
'em as I've said.

"They must quit drinkin' an' swearin', they
mustn't knife on a blow,

"They must quit gamblin' their wages, and you
must preach it so ;

"For now those boats are more like Hell than
anything else I know."

I didn't want to do it, for I knew what I should
get ;

An' I wanted to preach Religion, handsome an'
out of the wet ;

But the Word of the Lord were laid on me, an'
I done what I was set.

I have been smit an' bruised, as warned would
be the case,

An' turned my cheek to the smiter exactly as
Scripture says ;

But, following that, I knocked him down an' led
him up to Grace.

An' we have preaching on Sundays whenever the
sea is calm,

An' I use no knife or pistol an' I never take no
harm ;

For the Lord abideth back of me to guide my
fighting arm.

An' I sign for four-pound-ten a month and save
the money clear,

An' I am in charge of the lower deck, an' I never
lose a steer ;

An' I believe in Almighty God an' I preach His
Gospel here.

The skippers say I'm crazy, but I can prove 'em
wrong,

For I am in charge of the lower deck with all that
doth belong—

*Which they would not give to a lunatic, and the com-
petition so strong !*

GUNGA DIN

You may talk o' gin and beer

When you're quartered safe out 'ere,

An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it ;

But when it comes to slaughter

You will do your work on water,

An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's
got it.

Now in Injia's sunny clime,

Where I used to spend my time

A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,

Of all them blackfaced crew

The finest man I knew

Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.

He was "Din ! Din ! Din !

" You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din !

" Hi ! Slippery *hitherao* !

" Water, get it ! *Panee lao*¹

" You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din."

The uniform 'e wore

Was nothin' much before,

An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,

For a piece o' twisty rag

An' a goatskin water-bag

Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.

When the sweatin' troop-train lay

In a sidin' through the day,

Where the 'eat would make your bloomin'
eyebrows crawl,

We shouted " Harry By ! " ²

Till our throats were brick-dry,

Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us
all.

It was " Din ! Din ! Din !

" You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been ?

" You put some *juldee*³ in it

" Or I'll *marrow*⁴ you this minute

" If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din ! "

'E would dot an' carry one

Till the longest day was done ;

¹ Bring water swiftly. ² O Brother. ³ Be quick. ⁴ Hit you.

An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
 If we charged or broke or cut,
 You could bet your bloomin' nut,
 'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear:
 With 'is mussick¹ on 'is back,
 'E would skip with our attack,
 An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire,"
 An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
 'E was white, clear white, inside
 When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!

It was "Din! Din! Din!"

With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green
 When the cartridges ran out,
 You could hear the front-ranks shout,
 "Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I shan't forgit the night
 When I dropped be'ind the fight
 With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
 I was chokin' mad with thirst,
 An' the man that spied me first
 Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
 'E lifted up my 'ead,
 An' he plugged me where I bled,
 An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water green.
 It was crawlin' and it stunk,
 But of all the drinks I've drunk,
 I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.

It was "Din! Din! Din!"

"'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;

¹ Water-skins

MEN AND WOMEN

“ ’E’s chawin’ up the ground,

“ An’ ’e’s kickin’ all around :

“ For Gawd’s sake git the water, Gunga Din ! ”

’E carried me away

To where a dooli lay,

An’ a bullet come an’ drilled the beggar clean.

’E put me safe inside,

An’ just before ’e died,

“ I ’ope you liked your drink,” sez Gunga Din.

So I’ll meet ’im later on

At the place where ’e is gone—

Where it’s always double drill and no canteen.

’E’ll be squattin’ on the coals

Givin’ drink to poor damned souls,

An’ I’ll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din !

Yes, Din ! Din ! Din !

You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din !

Though I’ve belted you and flayed you,

By the livin’ Gawd that made you,

You’re a better man than I am, Gunga Din !

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

1889

*OH, EAST is East, and West is West, and never the
twain shall meet,*

*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God’s great
Judgment Seat ;*

*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,*

*When two strong men stand face to face, though they
come from the ends of the earth !*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border
side,

And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the
Colonel's pride.

He has lifted her out of the stable-door between
the dawn and the day,

And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden
her far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a
troop of the Guides :

"Is there never a man of all my men can say where
Kamal hides ?"

Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the son of
the Ressaldar :

"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye
know where his pickets are.

"At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is
into Bonair,

"But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place
to fare.

"So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird
can fly,

"By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he
win to the Tongue of Jagai.

"But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right
swiftly turn ye then,

“For the length and the breadth of that
grisly plain is sown with Kamal’s
men.

“There is rock to the left, and rock to the right,
and low lean thorn between,

“And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never
a man is seen.”

The Colonel’s son has taken horse, and a raw
rough dun was he,

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and
the head of a gallows-tree.

The Colonel’s son to the Fort has won, they bid
him stay to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not
long at his meat.

He’s up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he
can fly,

Till he was aware of his father’s mare in the gut
of the Tongue of Jagai,

Till he was aware of his father’s mare with Kamal
upon her back,

And when he could spy the white of her eye, he
made the pistol crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the
whistling ball went wide.

“Ye shoot like a soldier,” Kamal said. “Show
now if ye can ride !”

It’s up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown
dust-devils go,

The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare
like a barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his
 head above,
 But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a
 maiden plays with a glove.
 There was rock to the left and rock to the right,
 and low lean thorn between,
 And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never
 a man was seen.
 They have ridden the low moon out of the sky,
 their hoofs drum up the dawn,
 The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the
 mare like a new-roused fawn.
 The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woeful
 heap fell he,
 And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and
 pulled the rider free.
 He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small
 room was there to strive,
 “ ’Twas only by favour of mine,” quoth he, “ ye
 rode so long alive :
 “ There was not a rock for twenty-mile, there
 was not a clump of tree,
 “ But covered a man of my own men with his
 rifle cocked on his knee.
 “ If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
 “ The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting
 all in a row.
 “ If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have
 held it high,
 “ The kite that whistles above us now were gorged
 till she could not fly.”

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "Do good
to bird and beast,

"But count who come for the broken meats
before thou makest a feast.

"If there should follow a thousand swords to
carry my bones away,

"Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more
than a thief could pay.

"They will feed their horse on the standing
crop, their men on the garnered
grain.

"The thatch of the byres will serve their fires
when all the cattle are slain.

"But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy
brethren wait to sup,

"The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl,
dog, and call them up!

"And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer
and gear and stack,

"Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight
my own way back!"

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him
upon his feet.

"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf
and grey wolf meet.

"May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or
breath;

"What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest
at the dawn with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by
the blood of my clan:

“Take up the mare for my father’s gift—by God,
she has carried a man ! ”

The red mare ran to the Colonel’s son, and nuzzled
against his breast ;

“We be two strong men,” said Kamal then, “but
she loveth the younger best.

“So she shall go with a lifter’s dower, my turquoise-
studded rein,

“My ’broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver
stirrups twain.”

The Colonel’s son a pistol drew, and held it
muzzle-end,

“Ye have taken the one from a foe,” said
he. “Will ye take the mate from a
friend ? ”

“A gift for a gift,” said Kamal straight ; “a limb
for the risk of a limb.

“Thy father has sent his son to me, I’ll send my
son to him ! ”

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped
from a mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he
looked like a lance in rest.

“Now here is thy master,” Kamal said, “who
leads a troop of the Guides,

“And thou must ride at his left side as shield on
shoulder rides.

“Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and
board and bed,

“Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with
thy head.

“ So, thou must eat the White Queen’s meat, and
all her foes are thine,

“ And thou must harry thy father’s hold for the
peace of the Border-line.

“ And thou must make a trooper tough and hack
thy way to power—

“ Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I
am hanged in Peshawur ! ”

They have looked each other between the eyes,
and there they found no fault.

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood
on leavened bread and salt :

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood
on fire and fresh-cut sod,

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and
the Wondrous Names of God.

The Colonel’s son he rides the mare and Kamal’s
boy the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where
there went forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full
twenty swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with the
blood of the mountaineer.

“ Ha’ done ! ha’ done ! ” said the Colonel’s son.
“ Put up the steel at your sides !

“ Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—
to-night ’tis a man of the Guides ! ”

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the
twain shall meet,*

*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat ;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they
come from the ends of the earth !*

“BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN”

I'M 'ERE in a ticky ulster an' a broken billycock 'at,
A-layin' on to the sergeant I don't know a gun
from a bat ;
My shirt's doin' duty for jacket, my sock's stickin'
out o' my boots,
An' I'm learnin' the damned old goose-step along
o' the new recruits !

Back to the Army again, sergeant,
Back to the Army again.
Don't look so 'ard, for I 'aven't no card,
I'm back to the Army again !

I done my six years' service. 'Er Majesty sez :
“ Good day—
You'll please to come when you're rung for, an'
'ere's your 'ole back-pay ;
An' fourpence a day for baccy—an' bloomin'
gen'rous, too ;
An' now you can make your fortune—the same as
your orf'cers do.”

Back to the Army again, sergeant,
 Back to the Army again.
 'Ow did I learn to do right-about-turn ?
 I'm back to the Army again !

A man of four-an'-twenty that 'asn't learned of a
 trade—
 Beside " Reserve " agin' him—'e'd better be never
 made.
 I tried my luck for a quarter, an' that was enough
 for me,
 An' I thought of 'Er Majesty's barricks, an' I
 thought I'd go an' see.

Back to the Army again, sergeant,
 Back to the Army again.
 'Tisn't my fault if I dress when I 'alt—
 I'm back to the Army again !

The sergeant arst no questions, but 'e winked the
 other eye,
 'E sez to me, "'Shun !" an' I shunted, the same
 as in days gone by ;
 For 'e saw the set o' my shoulders, an' I couldn't
 'elp 'oldin' straight
 When me an' the other rookies come under the
 barrick-gate.

Back to the Army again, sergeant,
 Back to the Army again.
 'Oo would ha' thought I could carry an'
 port ?¹
 I'm back to the Army again !

¹ Carry and port his rifle.

I took my bath, an' I wallered—for, Gawd, I
needed it so !

I smelt the smell o' the barricks, I 'eard the bugles
go.

I 'eard the feet on the gravel—the feet o' the men
what drill—

An' I sez to my flutterin' 'eart-strings, I sez to 'em,
“ Peace, be still ! ”

Back to the Army again, sergeant,

Back to the Army again.

'Oo said I knew when the troopship was
due ?

I'm back to the Army again !

I carried my slops to the tailor ; I sez to 'im, “ None
o' your lip !

You tight 'em over the shoulders, an' loose 'em
over the 'ip,

For the set o' the tunic's 'orrid.” An' 'e sez to
me, “ Strike me dead,

But I thought you was used to the business ! ”
an' so 'e done what I said.

Back to the Army again, sergeant,

Back to the Army again.

Rather too free with my fancies ? Wot—me ?

I'm back to the Army again !

Next week I'll 'ave 'em fitted ; I'll buy me a
swagger-cane ;

They'll let me free o' the barricks to walk on the
Hoe again,

In the name o' William Parsons, that used to be
Edward Clay,
An'—any pore beggar that wants it can draw my
fourpence a day !

Back to the Army again, sergeant,
Back to the Army again.
Out o' the cold an' the rain, sergeant,
Out o' the cold an' the rain.

'Oo's there ?

A man's that too good to be lost you,
A man that is 'andled an' made—
A man that will pay what 'e cost you
In learnin' the others their trade—parade
You're droppin' the pick o' the Army
Because you don't 'elp 'em remain,
But drives 'em to cheat to get out o' the street
An' back to the Army again !

THE MOTHER - LODGE

THERE was Rundle, Station Master,
An' Beazeley of the Rail,
An' 'Ackman, Commissariat,
An' Donkin' o' the Jail ;
An' Blake, Conductor-Sergeant,
Our Master twice was 'e,
With 'im that kept the Europe-shop,
Old Framjee Eduljee.

Outside—"Sergeant ! Sir ! Salute ! Salaam !"

Inside—"Brother," an' it doesn't do no 'arm.

*We met upon the Level an' we parted on the Square,
An' I was Junior Deacon in my Mother-Lodge out
there !*

We'd Bola Nath, Accountant,
An' Saul the Aden Jew,
An' Din Mohammed, draughtsman
Of the Survey Office too ;
There was Babu Chuckerbutty,
An' Amir Singh the Sikh,
An' Castro from the fittin'-sheds,
The Roman Catholick !

We 'adn't good regalia,
An' our Lodge was old an' bare,
But we knew the Ancient Landmarks,
An' we kep' 'em to a hair ;
An' lookin' on it backwards
It often strikes me thus,
There ain't such things as infidels,
Excep', per'aps, it's us.

For monthly, after Labour,
We'd all sit down and smoke
(We dursn't give no banquets,
Lest a Brother's caste were broke),
An' man on man got talkin'
Religion an' the rest,
An' every man comparin'
Of the God 'e knew the best.

So man on man got talkin',
An' not a Brother stirred

Till mornin' waked the parrots
 An' that dam' brain-fever-bird ;
 We'd say 'twas 'ighly curious,
 An' we'd all ride 'ome to bed,
 With Mo'ammed, God, an' Shiva
 Changin' pickets in our 'ead.

Full oft on Guv'ment service
 This rovin' foot 'ath pressed,
 An' bore fraternal greetin's
 To the Lodges east an' west,
 Accordin' as commanded.
 From Kohat to Singapore,
 But I wish that I might see them
 In my Mother-Lodge once more !

I wish that I might see them,
 My Brethren black an' brown,
 With the trichies smellin' pleasant
 An' the *hog-darn*¹ passin' down ;
 An' the old khansamah² snorin'
 On the bottle-khana³ floor,
 Like a Master in good standing
 With my Mother-Lodge once more.

Outside—"Sergeant ! Sir ! Salute ! Salaam !"

Inside—"Brother," an' it doesn't do no 'arm.

*We met upon the Level an' we parted on the Square,
 An' I was Junior Deacon in my Mother-Lodge out
 there !*

¹ Cigar-lighter.

² Butler.

³ Pantry.

POSSIBILITIES

AY, LAY him 'neath the Simla pine—
 A fortnight fully to be missed,
 Behold, we lose our fourth at whist,
 A chair is vacant where we dine.

His place forgets him ; other men
 Have bought his ponies, guns, and traps.
 His fortune is the Great Perhaps
 And that cool rest-house down the glen,

Whence he shall hear, as spirits may,
 Our mundane revel on the height,
 Shall watch each flashing '*rickshaw*-light
 Sweep on to dinner, dance, and play.

Benmore shall woo him to the ball
 With lighted rooms and braying band ;
 And he shall hear and understand
 "*Dream Faces*" better than us all.

For, think you, as the vapours flee
 Across Sanjaolie after rain,
 His soul may climb the hill again
 To each old field of victory.

Unseen, whom women held so dear,
 The strong man's yearning to his kind
 Shall shake at most the window-blind,
 Or dull awhile the card-room's cheer.

MEN AND WOMEN

In his own place of power unknown,
His Light o' Love another's flame,
His dearest pony galloped lame,
And he an alien and alone !

Yet may he meet with many a friend—
Shrewd shadows, lingering long unseen
Among us when "*God Save the Queen*"
Shows even "extras" have an end.

And, when we leave the heated room,
And, when at four the lights expire,
The crew shall gather round the fire
And mock our laughter in the gloom ;

Talk as we talked, and they ere death—
Flirt wanly, dance in ghostly-wise,
With ghosts of tunes for melodies,
And vanish at the morning's breath !

I F——

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too ;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise :

If you can dream—and not make dreams your
master ;

If you can think—and not make thoughts your
aim ;

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same ;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out
tools :

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,

And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss ;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them : " Hold
on ! "

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common
touch,

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much ;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son !

ANIMALS

THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

THE SONG OF THE LITTLE HUNTER

ROAD-SONG OF THE *Bandar-Log*

CHAPTER HEADINGS ; JUST-SO STORIES

FOUR-FEET

“ HIS APOLOGIES ”

THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

NOW this is the Law of the Jungle—as old and as true as the sky ;

And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the Wolf that shall break it must die.

As the creeper that girdles the tree-trunk the Law runneth forward and back—

For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.

Wash daily from nose-tip to tail-tip ; drink deeply, but never too deep ;

And remember the night is for hunting, and forget not the day is for sleep.

The Jackal may follow the Tiger, but, Cub, when thy whiskers are grown,

Remember the Wolf is a hunter—go forth and get food of thine own.

Keep peace with the Lords of the Jungle—the Tiger, the Panther, the Bear ;

And trouble not Hathi the Silent, and mock not the Boar in his lair.

When Pack meets with Pack in the Jungle, and neither will go from the trail,

Lie down till the leaders have spoken—it may be
fair words shall prevail.

When ye fight with a Wolf of the Pack, ye must
fight him alone and afar,
Lest others take part in the quarrel, and the Pack
be diminished by war.

The Lair of the Wolf is his refuge, and where he
has made him his home,
Not even the Head Wolf may enter, not even the
Council may come.

The Lair of the Wolf is his refuge, but where he
has digged it too plain,
The Council shall send him a message, and so he
shall change it again.

If ye kill before midnight, be silent, and wake not
the woods with your bay,
Lest ye frighten the deer from the crops, and the
brothers go empty away.

Ye may kill for yourselves, and your mates, and
your cubs as they need, and ye can ;
But kill not for pleasure of killing, and *seven times*
never kill Man !

If ye plunder his Kill from a weaker, devour not
all in thy pride ;
Pack-Right is the right of the meanest ; so leave
him the head and the hide.

The Kill of the Pack is the meat of the Pack. Ye
must eat where it lies ;
And no one may carry away of that meat to his
lair, or he dies.

The Kill of the Wolf is the meat of the Wolf. He
may do what he will,
But, till he has given permission, the Pack may not
eat of that Kill.

Cub-Right is the right of the Yearling. From all
of his Pack he may claim
Full-gorge when the killer has eaten ; and none
may refuse him the same.

Lair-Right is the right of the Mother. From all
of her year she may claim
One haunch of each kill for her litter ; and none
may deny her the same.

Cave-Right is the right of the Father—to hunt by
himself for his own :
He is freed of all calls to the Pack ; he is judged
by the Council alone.

Because of his age and his cunning, because of his
gripe and his paw,
In all that the Law leaveth open, the word of the
Head Wolf is Law.

*Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, and many and
mighty are they ;
But the head and the hoof of the Law and the haunch
and the hump is—Obey !*

THE SONG OF THE LITTLE HUNTER

ERE MOR the Peacock flutters, ere the Monkey
People cry,

Ere Chil the Kite swoops down a furlong sheer,
Through the Jungle very softly flits a shadow and
a sigh—

He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear !
Very softly down the glade runs a waiting,
watching shade,

And the whisper spreads and widens far and near.
And the sweat is on thy brow, for he passes even
now—

He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear !

Ere the moon has climbed the mountain, ere the
rocks are ribbed with light,
When the downward-dipping trails are dank
and drear,

Comes a breathing hard behind thee—*snuffle-
snuffle* through the night—

It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear !
On thy knees and draw the bow ; bid the shrilling
arrow go ;

In the empty, mocking thicket plunge the spear !
But thy hands are loosed and weak, and the blood
has left thy cheek —

It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear !

When the heat-cloud sucks the tempest, when the
slivered pine-trees fall,

When the blinding, blaring rain-squalls lash and
veer,

Through the war-gongs of the thunder rings a
voice more loud than all—

It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear !

Now the spates are banked and deep ; now the
footless boulders leap—

Now the lightning shows each littlest leaf-rib
clear—

But thy throat is shut and dried, and thy heart
against thy side

Hammers : Fear, O Little Hunter—this is Fear !

ROAD-SONG OF THE BANDAR- LOG

HERE we go in a flung festoon,
Half-way up to the jealous moon !
Don't you envy our pranceful bands ?
Don't you wish you had extra hands ?
Wouldn't you like if your tails were—*so—*
Curved in the shape of a Cupid's bow ?
Now you're angry, but—never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind !

Here we sit in a branchy row,
Thinking of beautiful things we know ;
Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,
All complete, in a minute or two—
Something noble and grand and good,
Won by merely wishing we could.
Now we're going to—never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind !

All the talk we ever have heard
Uttered by bat or beast or bird—
Hide or fin or scale or feather—
Jabber it quickly and all together !
Excellent ! Wonderful ! Once again !
Now we are talking just like men.
Let's pretend we are . . . Never mind !
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind !
This is the way of the Monkey-kind !

ANIMALS

*Then join our leaping lines that scumfish through the
pines,
That rocket by where, light and high, the wild-grape
swings.
By the rubbish in our wake, and the noble noise we make,
Be sure—be sure, we're going to do some splendid things !*

CHAPTER HEADINGS

JUST-SO STORIES

WHEN the cabin port-holes are dark and green
Because of the seas outside ;
When the ship goes *wop* (with a wiggle between)
And the steward falls into the soup-tureen,
And the trunks begin to slide ;
When Nursey lies on the floor in a heap,
And Mummy tells you to let her sleep,
And you aren't waked or washed or dressed,
Why, then you will know (if you haven't guessed)
You're " Fifty North and Forty West ! "

How the Whale Got His Throat.

The Camel's hump is an ugly lump
Which well you may see at the Zoo ;
But uglier yet is the hump we get
From having too little to do.

Kiddies and grown-ups too-oo-oo,
 If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo,
 We get the hump—
 Cameelious hump—
 The hump that is black and blue !

We climb out of bed with a frouzly head,
 And a snarly-yarly voice.
 We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl
 At our bath and our boots and our toys ;

And there ought to be a corner for me
 (And I know there is one for you)
 When we get the hump—
 Cameelious hump—
 The hump that is black and blue !

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,
 Or frowst with a book by the fire ;
 But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
 And dig till you gently perspire ;

And then you will find that the sun and the wind,
 And the Djinn of the Garden too,
 Have lifted the hump—
 The horrible hump—
 The hump that is black and blue !

ANIMALS

I get it as well as you-oo-oo—
If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo !
 We all get hump—
 Cameelious hump—
Kiddies and grown-ups too !

How the Camel Got His Hump.

I am the Most Wise Baviaan, saying in most wise
 tones,
“Let us melt into the landscape—just us two by
 our lones.”
People have come—in a carriage—calling. But
 Mummy is there. . . .
Yes, I can go if you take me—Nurse says *she* don't
 care.
Let's go up to the pig-styes and sit on the farmyard
 rails !
Let's say things to the bunnies, and watch 'em
 skitter their tails !
Let's—oh, *anything*, daddy, so long as it's you and
 me,
And going truly exploring, and not being in till
 tea !
Here's your boots (I've brought 'em), and here's
 your cap and stick,
And here's your pipe and tobacco. Oh, come
 along out of it—quick !

How the Leopard Got His Spots.

I keep six honest serving-men
 (They taught me all I knew) ;
 Their names are What and Why and When
 And How and Where and Who.
 I send them over land and sea,
 I send them east and west ;
 But after they have worked for me,
 I give them all a rest.

I let them rest from nine till five,
 For I am busy then,
 As well as breakfast, lunch, and tea,
 For they are hungry men.
 But different folk have different views.
 I know a person small—
 She keeps ten million serving-men,
 Who get no rest at all !

She sends 'em abroad on her own affairs,
 From the second she opens her eyes—
 One million Hows, two million Wheres,
 And seven million Whys !

The Elephant's Child.

This is the mouth-filling song of the race that was
run by a Boomer.

Run in a single burst—only event of its kind—
Started by Big God Nqong from Warrigaborri-
garooma,
Old Man Kangaroo first, Yellow-Dog Dingo
behind.

Kangaroo bounded away, his back-legs working
like pistons—

Bounded from morning till dark, twenty-five feet
at a bound.

Yellow-Dog Dingo lay like a yellow cloud in the
distance—

Much too busy to bark. My! but they covered
the ground!

Nobody knows where they went, or followed the
track that they flew in,

For that Continent hadn't been given a name.

They ran thirty degrees, from Torres Straits to the
Leeuwin

(Look at the Atlas, please), then they ran back
as they came.

S'posing you could trot from Adelaide to the
Pacific,

For an afternoon's run—half what these gentlemen
did—

You would feel rather hot, but your legs would
develop terrific—
Yes, my importunate son, you'd be a Marvellous
Kid !

The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo.

I've never sailed the Amazon,
I've never reached Brazil ;
But the *Don* and *Magdalena*,
They can go there when they will !

Yes, weekly from Southampton,
Great steamers, white and gold,
Go rolling down to Rio
(Roll down—roll down to Rio !)
And I'd like to roll to Rio
Some day before I'm old !

I've never seen a Jaguar,
Nor yet an Armadill-
o dilloing in his armour,
And I s'pose I never will,

Unless I go to Rio
These wonders to behold—
Roll down—roll down to Rio—
Roll really down to Rio !
Oh, I'd love to roll to Rio
Some day before I'm old !

The Beginning of the Armadilloes.

ANIMALS

China-going P. and O.'s
 Pass Pau Amma's playground close,
 And his Pusat Tasek lies
 Near the track of most B.I.'s
 N.Y.K. and N.D.L.
 Know Pau Amma's home as well
 As the Fisher of the Sea knows
 "Bens," M.M.'s and Rubattinos.
 But (and this is rather queer)
 A.T.L.'s can *not* come here ;
 O. and O. and D.O.A.
 Must go round another way.
 Orient, Anchor, Bibby, Hall,
 Never go that way at all.
 U.C.S. would have a fit
 If it found itself on it.
 And if "Beavers" took their cargoes
 To Penang instead of Lagos,
 Or a fat Shaw-Savill bore
 Passengers to Singapore,
 Or a White Star were to try a
 Little trip to Sourabaya,
 Or a B.S.A. went on
 Past Natal to Cheribon,
 Then great Mr. Lloyds would come
 With a wire and drag them home !

. . .

You'll know what my riddle means
 When you've eaten mangosteens.

The Crab That Played with the Sea.

Pussy can sit by the fire and sing,
 Pussy can climb a tree,
 Or play with a silly old cork and string
 To 'muse herself, not me.
 But I like *Binkie* my dog, because
 He knows how to behave ;
 So, *Binkie's* the same as the First Friend was,
 And I am the Man in the Cave !

Pussy will play man-Friday till
 It's time to wet her paw .
 And make her walk on the window-sill
 (For the footprint Crusoe saw) ;
 Then she fluffles her tail and mews,
 And scratches and won't attend.
 But *Binkie* will play whatever I choose,
 And he is my true First Friend !

Pussy will rub my knees with her head
 Pretending she loves me hard ;
 But the very minute I go to my bed
 Pussy runs out in the yard,
 And there she stays till the morning-light ;
 So I know it is only pretend ;
 But *Binkie*, he snores at my feet all night,
 And he is my Firstest Friend !

The Cat That Walked by Himself.

ANIMALS

There was never a Queen like Balkis,
From here to the wide world's end ;
But Balkis talked to a butterfly
As you would talk to a friend.

There was never a King like Solomon,
Not since the world began ;
But Solomon talked to a butterfly
As a man would talk to a man.

She was Queen of Sabæa—
And *he* was Asia's Lord—
But they both of 'em talked to butterflies
When they took their walks abroad !

The Butterfly That Stamped.

FOUR- FEET

I HAVE done mostly what most men do,
And pushed it out of my mind ;
But I can't forget, if I wanted to,
Four-Feet trotting behind.

Day after day, the whole day through—
Wherever my road inclined—
Four-Feet said, " I am coming with you ! "
And trotted along behind.

Now I must go by some other round,—
Which I shall never find—
Somewhere that does not carry the sound
Of Four-Feet trotting behind.

“HIS APOLOGIES”

1932

MASTER, this is Thy Servant. He is rising eight weeks old.

He is mainly Head and Tummy. His legs are uncontrolled.

But Thou has forgiven his ugliness, and settled him on Thy knee . . .

Art Thou content with Thy Servant? He is *very* comfy with Thee.

Master, behold a Sinner! He hath committed a wrong.

He hath defiled Thy Premises through being kept in too long.

Wherefore his nose has been rubbed in the dirt, and his self-respect has been bruised,

Master, pardon Thy Sinner, and see he is properly loosèd.

Master—again Thy Sinner! This that was once Thy Shoe,

He has found and taken and carried aside, as fitting
matter to chew.

Now there is neither blacking nor tongue, and the
Housemaid has us in tow.

Master, remember Thy Servant is young, and tell
her to let him go !

Master, extol Thy Servant, he has met a most
Worthy Foe !

There has been fighting all over the Shop—and
into the Shop also !

Till cruel umbrellas parted the strife (or I might
have been choking him yet)

But Thy Servant has had the Time of his Life—
and now shall we call on the vet ?

Master, behold Thy Servant ! Strange children
came to play,

And because they fought to caress him, Thy
Servant wentedst away.

But now that the Little Beasts have gone, he has
returned to see

(Brushed—with his Sunday collar on) what they
left over from tea.

.

Master, pity Thy Servant ! He is deaf and three
parts blind.

He cannot catch Thy Commandments. He cannot
read Thy Mind.

Oh, leave him not to his loneliness ; nor make
him that kitten's scorn.

He hath had none other God than Thee since the
year that he was born.

Lord, look down on Thy Servant ! Bad things
have come to pass.

There is no heat in the midday sun, nor health in
the wayside grass.

His bones are full of an old disease—his torments
run and increase.

Lord, make haste with Thy Lightnings and grant
him a quick release !

ADVENTURE

THE SONG OF THE BANJO

MANDALAY

THE PRODIGAL SON

THE LOST LEGION

THE EXPLORER

THE SONG OF THE BANJO

1894

You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile—
 You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp—
 You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,
 And play it in an Equatorial swamp.
I travel with the cooking-pots and pails—
 I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork—
 And when the dusty column checks and tails,
 You should hear me spur the rearguard to a
 walk !

With my "*Pilly-willy-winky-winky-popp !*"
 (Oh, it's any tune that comes into my head !)
 So I keep 'em moving forward till they drop ;
 So I play 'em up to water and to bed.

In the silence of the camp before the fight,
 When it's good to make your will and say your
 prayer,
 You can hear my *strumpty-tumpty* overnight,
 Explaining ten to one was always fair.
 I'm the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
 Of the Patently Impossible and Vain—
 And when the Thing that Couldn't has occurred,
 Give me time to change my leg and go again.

With my "*Tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tump!*"

In the desert where the dung-fed camp-smoke curled.

There was never voice before us till I led our lonely chorus,

I—the war-drum of the White Man round the world!

By the bitter road the Younger Son must tread,

Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own,—

'Mid the riot of the shearers at the shed,

In the silence of the herder's hut alone—

In the twilight, on a bucket upside down,

Hear me babble what the weakest won't confess—

I am Memory and Torment—I am Town!

I am all that ever went with evening dress!

With my "*Tunka-tunka-tunka-tunka-tunk!*"

(So the lights—the London Lights—grow near and plain!)

So I rowel 'em afresh towards the Devil and the Flesh,

Till I bring my broken rankers home again.

In desire of many marvels over sea,

Where the new-raised tropic city sweats and roars,

I have sailed with Young Ulysses from the quay

Till the anchor rumbled down on stranger shores.

He is blooded to the open and the sky,
 He is taken in a snare that shall not fail,
 He shall hear me singing strongly, till he die,
 Like the shouting of a backstay in a gale.

With my "*Hya ! Heeya ! Heeya ! Hullab !
 Haul !*"

(Oh the green that thunders aft along the
 deck !)

Are you sick o' towns and men ? You must
 sign and sail again,
 For it's "Johnny Bowlegs, pack your kit
 and trek !"

Through the gorge that gives the stars at noon-
 day clear—

Up the pass that packs the scud beneath our
 wheel—

Round the bluff that sinks her thousand fathom
 sheer—

Down the valley with our guttering brakes
 asqueal :

Where the trestle groans and quivers in the snow,

Where the many-shedded levels loop and twine.

Hear me lead my reckless children from below

Till we sing the Song of Roland to the pine !

With my "*Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink !*"

(Oh the axe has cleared the mountain,
 croup and crest !)

And we ride the iron stallions down to drink,
Through the cañons to the waters of the
West !

And the tunes that mean so much to you alone—
Common tunes that make you choke and blow
your nose—
Vulgar tunes that bring the laugh that brings the
groan—
I can rip your very heartstrings out with those ;
With the feasting, and the folly, and the fun—
And the lying, and the lusting, and the drink,
And the merry play that drops you, when you're
done,
To the thoughts that burn like irons if you think.

With my "*Plunka-lunka-lunka-lunka-lunk !*"
Here's a trifle on account of pleasure past,
Ere the wit that made you win gives you eyes
to see your sin
And—the heavier repentance at the last !

Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof—
I have told the naked stars the Grief of Man !
Let the trumpet snare the foeman to the proof—
I have known Defeat, and mocked it as we ran !
My bray ye may not alter nor mistake
When I stand to jeer the fatted Soul of Things,
But the Song of Lost Endeavour that I make,
Is it hidden in the twanging of the strings ?

ADVENTURE

With my "*Ta-ra-rara-rara-ra-ra-rrrp!*"

(Is it naught to you that hear and pass me
by?)

But the word—the word is mine, when the
order moves the line

And the lean, locked ranks go roaring
down to die!

The grandam of my grandam was the Lyre—

(O the blue below the little fisher-huts!)

That the Stealer stooping beachward filled with
fire,

Till she bore my iron head and ringing guts!

By the wisdom of the centuries I speak—

To the tune of yestermorn I set the truth—

I, the joy of life unquestioned—I, the Greek—

I, the everlasting Wonder-song of Youth!

With my "*Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink!*"

(What d'ye lack, my noble masters! What
d'ye lack?)

So I draw the world together link by link:

Yea, from Delos up to Limerick and back!

MANDALAY

By THE old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the
sea,

There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she
thinks o' me;

For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say :

“ Come you back, you British soldier ; come you back to Mandalay ! ”

Come you back to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay :

Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from
Rangoon to Mandalay ?

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay !

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as
Theebaw's Queen,

An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white
cheroot,

An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's
foot :

Bloomin' idol made o' mud—

Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—

Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed
'er where she stud !

On the road to Mandalay . . .

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun
was droppin' slow,

She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing “ *Kulla-lo-lo !* ”

With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin
my cheek

We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin'
teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak

In the sludgy, sjudgy creek,

Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was
'arf afraid to speak !

On the road to Mandalay . . .

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur
away,

An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank
to Mandalay ;

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year
soldier tells :

“If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't
never 'eed naught else.”

No ! you won't 'eed nothin' else

But them spicy garlic smells,

An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the
tinkly temple-bells ;

On the road to Mandalay . . .

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-
stones,

An' the blasted English drizzle wakes the fever in
my bones ;

Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea
to the Strand,

An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand ?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and—

Law ! wot do they understand ?

I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner,
greener land !

On the road to Mandalay . . .

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best
is like the worst,

Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a
man can raise a thirst ;

For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that
I would be—

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the
sea ;

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay,

With our sick beneath the awnings when
we went to Mandalay !

O the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay !

THE PRODIGAL SON

(W E S T E R N V E R S I O N)

HERE come I to my own again,
Fed, forgiven and known again,
Claimed by bone of my bone again
And cheered by flesh of my flesh.
The fatted calf is dressed for me,
But the husks have greater zest for me.
I think my pigs will be best for me,
So I'm off to the Yards afresh.

I never was very refined, you see,
(And it weighs on my brother's mind, you see)
But there's no reproach among swine, d'you see,
For being a bit of a swine.
So I'm off with wallet and staff to eat
The bread that is three parts chaff to wheat,
But glory be !—there's a laugh to it,
Which isn't the case when we dine.

My father glooms and advises me,
My brother sulks and despises me,
And Mother catechises me
Till I want to go out and swear.
And, in spite of the butler's gravity,
I know that the servants have it I
Am a monster of moral depravity,
And I'm damned if I think it's fair !

I wasted my substance, I know I did,
 On riotous living, so I did,
 But there's nothing on record to show I did
 More than my betters have done.
 They talk of the money I spent out there—
 They hint at the pace that I went out there—
 But they all forget I was sent out there
 Alone as a rich man's son.

So I was a mark for plunder at once,
 And lost my cash (can you wonder?) at once,
 But I didn't give up and knock under at once.
 I worked in the Yards, for a spell,
 Where I spent my nights and my days with hogs,
 And shared their milk and maize with hogs,
 Till, I guess, I have learned what pays with hogs
 And—I have that knowledge to sell!

So back I go to my job again,
 Not so easy to rob again,
 Or quite so ready to sob again
 On any neck that's around.
 I'm leaving, Pater. Good-bye to you!
 God bless you, Mater! I'll write to you : : :
 I wouldn't be impolite to you,
 But, Brother, you *are* a hound!

THE LOST LEGION

1895

THERE'S a Legion that never was 'listed,
 That carries no colours or crest.
 But, split in a thousand detachments,
 Is breaking the road for the rest.
 Our fathers they left us their blessing—
 They taught us, and groomed us, and crammed ;
 But we've shaken the Clubs and the Messes
 To go and find out and be damned
 (Dear boys !),
 To go and get shot and be damned.

So some of us chivvy the slaver,
 And some of us cherish the black,
 And some of us hunt on the Oil Coast,
 And some on the Wallaby track :
 And some of us drift to Sarawak,
 And some of us drift up The Fly,
 And some share our tucker with tigers,
 And some with the gentle Masai,
 (Dear boys !),
 Take tea with the giddy Masai.

We've painted The Islands vermilion,
 We've pearled on half-shares in the Bay,

We've shouted on seven-ounce nuggets,
 We've starved on a Seedeboy's pay ;
 We've laughed at the world as we found it,—
 Its women and cities and men—
 From Sayyid Burgash in a tantrum
 To the smoke-reddened eyes of Loben,
(Dear boys !),
 We've a little account with Loben.

The ends of the Earth were our portion,
 The ocean at large was our share.
 There was never a skirmish to windward
 But the Leaderless Legion was there :
 Yes, somehow and somewhere and always
 We were first when the trouble began,
 From a lottery-row in Manila,
 To an I.D.B. race on the Pan
(Dear boys !),
 With the Mounted Police on the Pan.

We preach in advance of the Army,
 We skirmish ahead of the Church,
 With never a gunboat to help us
 When we're scuppered and left in the lurch.
 But we know as the cartridges finish,
 And we're filed on our last little shelves,
 That the Legion that never was 'listed
 Will send us as good as ourselves
(Good men !),
 Five hundred as good as ourselves !

ADVENTURE

Then a health (we must drink it in whispers),
To our wholly unauthorized horde—
To the line of our dusty foreloopers,
The Gentlemen Rovers abroad—
Yes, a health to ourselves ere we scatter,
For the steamer won't wait for the train,
And the Legion that never was 'listed
Goes back into quarters again !

'Regards !

Goes back under canvas again.

Hurrah !

The swag and the billy again.

Here's how !

The trail and the packhorse again.

Salute !

The trek and the lager again !

THE EXPLORER

1898

“THERE’S no sense in going further—it’s the edge
of cultivation,”
So they said, and I believed it—broke my land
and sowed my crop—
Built my barns and strung my fences in the little
border station
Tucked away below the foothills where the trails
run out and stop :

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang inter-
minable changes
On one everlasting Whisper day and night
repeated—so :
“ Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and
look behind the Ranges—
“ Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and
waiting for you. Go ! ”

So I went, worn out of patience ; never told my
nearest neighbours—
Stole away with pack and ponies—left 'em
drinking in the town ;
And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem
to help my labours
As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up
and leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning
flanks and dodging shoulders,
Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for
lack of grass ;
Till I camped above the tree-line—drifted snow
and naked boulders—
Felt free air astir to windward—knew I'd
stumbled on the Pass.

“ Thought to name it for the finder : but that night
the Norther found me—
Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies ; so I
called the camp Despair

(It's the Railway Gap to-day, though). Then my
Whisper waked to hound me :—

“Something lost behind the Ranges. Over
yonder ! Go you there !”

Then I knew, the while I doubted—knew His
Hand was certain o'er me.

Still—it might be self-delusion—scores of better
men had died—

I could reach the township living, but . . . He
knows what terror tore me . . .

But I didn't . . . but I didn't. I went down
the other side,

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers
turned to aloes,

And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming
stream ran by ;

But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub, and the
water drained to shallows,

And I dropped again on desert—blasted earth,
and blasting sky. . . .

I remember lighting fires ; I remember sitting by
'em ;

I remember seeing faces, hearing voices, through
the smoke ;

I remember they were fancy—for I threw a stone
to try 'em.

“Something lost behind the Ranges” was the
only word they spoke.

I remember going crazy. I remember that I
knew it

When I heard myself hallooing to the funny
folk I saw.

'Very full of dreams that desert, but my two legs
took me through it . . .

And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes
all black and raw.

But at last the country altered—White Man's
country past disputing—

Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of
hills behind—

There I found me food and water, and I lay a week
recruiting.

Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then
I entered on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey—chose my
trees and blazed and ringed 'em—

Week by week I pried and sampled—week by
week my findings grew.

Saul he went to look for donkeys, and by God he
found a kingdom !

But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had
struck the worth of two !

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-
poised snow-slide shivers—

Down and through the big fat marshes that the
virgin ore-bed stains,

Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of un-
imagined rivers,
And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable
plains !

'Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades
between 'em ;
Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty
thousand head an hour ;
Counted leagues of water-frontage through the
axe-ripe woods that screen 'em—
Saw the plant to feed a people—up and waiting
for the power !

Well I know who'll take the credit—all the clever
chaps that followed—
Came, a dozen men together—never knew my
desert-fears ;
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the
water-holes I'd hollowed.
They'll go back and do the talking. *They'll* be
called the Pioneers !

They will find my sites of townships—not the
cities that I set there.
They will rediscover rivers—not my rivers
heard at night.
By my own old marks and bearings they will show
me how to get there,
By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide
my feet aright.

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed
one single acre?

Have I kept one single nugget—(barring
samples)? No, not I!

Because my price was paid me ten times over by
my Maker.

But you wouldn't understand it. You go up
and occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle; water-
transit sure and steady

(That should keep the railway-rates down), coal
and iron at your doors.

God took care to hide that country till He judged
His people ready,

Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've
found it, and it's yours!

Yes, your "Never-never country"—yes, your
"edge of cultivation"

And "no sense in going further"—till I crossed
the range to see.

God forgive me! No, I didn't. It's God's
present to our nation.

Anybody might have found it but—His Whisper
came to Me!

CITIES AND THRONES AND POWERS

THE FOUR ANGELS

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS

THE PRESS

THE KING

COLD IRON

A SONG OF TRAVEL

THE FOUR ANGELS

As ADAM lay a-dreaming beneath the Apple Tree
The Angel of the Earth came down, and offered
Earth in fee ;

But Adam did not need it,
Nor the plough he would not speed it,
Singing :—" Earth and Water, Air and Fire,
What more can mortal man desire ? "

(The Apple Tree's in bud.)

As Adam lay a-dreaming beneath the Apple Tree
The Angel of the Waters offered all the Seas in fee ;

But Adam would not take 'em,
Nor the ships he wouldn't make 'em,
Singing :—" Water, Earth and Air and Fire,
What more can mortal man desire ? "

(The Apple Tree's in leaf.)

As Adam lay a-dreaming beneath the Apple Tree
The Angel of the Air he offered all the Air in fee ;

But Adam did not crave it,
Nor the flight he wouldn't brave it,
Singing ——" Air and Water, Earth and Fire,
What more can mortal man desire ? "

(The Apple Tree's in bloom.)

As Adam lay a-dreaming beneath the Apple-Tree,
The Angel of the Fire rose up and not a word
said he ;

But he wished a flame and made it,
And in Adam's heart he laid it,

Singing :—" Fire, Fire, burning Fire !
Stand up and reach your heart's desire ! "
(The Apple Blossom's set.)

As Adam was a-working outside of Eden-Wall,
He used the Earth, he used the Seas, he used the
Air and all ;
Till out of black disaster
He arose to be the master
Of Earth and Water, Air and Fire,
But never reached his heart's desire !
(The Apple Tree's cut down !)

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS

1890

WHEN the flush of a new-born sun fell first on
Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched
with a stick in the mould ;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen
was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, " It's
pretty, but is it Art ? "

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion
his work anew—
The first of his race who cared a fig for the first,
most dread review ;
And he left his lore to the use of his sons—and
that was a glorious gain

CITIES, THRONES, POWERS

When the Devil chuckled "Is it Art?" in the ear
of the branded Cain.

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and wrench
the stars apart,

Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: "It's
striking, but is it Art?"

The stone was dropped at the quarry-side and the
idle derrick swung,

While each man talked of the aims of Art, and each
in an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the North and the
South; they talked and they fought in the
West,

Till the waters rose on the pitiful land, and the
poor Red Clay had rest—

Had rest till that dank blank-canvas dawn when
the Dove was preened to start,

And the Devil bubbled below the keel: "It's
human, but is it Art?"

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree—and new as
the new-cut tooth—

For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he
is master of Art and Truth;

And each man hears as the twilight nears, to the
beat of his dying heart,

The Devil drum on the darkened pane: "You
did it, but was it Art?"

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the
shape of a surplice-peg,

We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the
 yelk of an addled egg,
 We know that the tail must wag the dog, for the
 horse is drawn by the cart ;
 But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old :
 " It's clever, but is it Art ? "

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on the
 Club-room's green and gold,
 The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch with
 their pens in the mould—
 They scratch with their pens in the mould of their
 graves, and the ink and the anguish start,
 For the Devil mutters behind the leaves : " It's
 pretty, but is it Art ? "

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where the
 Four Great Rivers flow,
 And the Wreath of Eve is red on the turf as she
 left it long ago,
 And if we could come when the sentry slept and
 softly scurry through,
 By the favour of God we might know as much—
 as our father Adam knew !

THE PRESS

THE Soldier may forget his Sword,
 The Sailor the Sea,
 The Mason may forget the Word
 And the Priest his Litany :
 The Maid may forget both jewel and gem,
 And the Bride her wedding-dress—

But the Jew shall forget Jerusalem
 Ere we forget the Press !

Who once hath stood through the loaded hour
 Ere, roaring like the gale,
 The Harrild and the Hoe devour
 Their league-long paper-bale,
 And has lit his pipe in the morning calm
 That follows the midnight stress—
 He hath sold his heart to the old Black Art
 We call the daily Press.

Who once hath dealt in the widest game
 That all of a man can play,
 No later love, no larger fame
 Will lure him long away.
 As the war-horse snuffeth the battle afar,
 The entered Soul, no less,
 He saith : “ Ha ! Ha ! ” where the trumpets are
 And the thunders of the Press !

Canst thou number the days that we fulfil,
 Or the *Times* that we bring forth ?
 Canst thou send the lightnings to do thy will,
 And cause them reign on earth ?
 Hast thou given a peacock goodly wings,
 To please his foolishness ?
 Sit down at the heart of men and things,
 Companion of the Press !

The Pope may launch his Interdict,
 The Union its decree,
 But the bubble is blown and the bubble is pricked
 By Us and such as We.

Remember the battle and stand aside
While Thrones and Powers confess
That King over all the children of pride
Is the Press—the Press—the Press !

THE KING

1894

- “FAREWELL, Romance !” the Cave-men said ;
 “With bone well carved he went away.
“Flint arms the ignoble arrowhead,
 “And jasper tips the spear to-day.
“Changed are the Gods of Hunt and Dance,
“And He with these. Farewell, Romance !”
- “Farewell, Romance !” the Lake-folk sighed ;
 “We lift the weight of flatling years ;
“The caverns of the mountain-side
 “Hold Him who scorns our hutted piers.
“Lost hills whereby we dare not dwell,
“Guard ye His rest. Romance, Farewell !”
- “Farewell, Romance !” the Soldier spoke ;
 “By sleight of sword we may not win,
“But scuffle ’mid uncleanly smoke
 “Of arquebus and culverin.
“Honour is lost, and none may tell
“Who paid good blows. Romance, farewell !”
- “Farewell, Romance !” the Traders cried ;
 “Our keels have lain with every sea.

"The dull-returning wind and tide
 "Heave up the wharf where we would be ;
 "The known and noted breezes swell
 "Our trudging sails. Romance, farewell !"
 "Good-bye, Romance !" the Skipper said ;
 "He vanished with the coal we burn.
 "Our dial marks full-steam ahead,
 "Our speed is timed to half a turn.
 "Sure as the ferried barge we ply
 "'Twixt port and port. Romance, good-bye !"
 "Romance !" the season-tickets mourn,
 "*He* never ran to catch his train,
 "But passed with coach and guard and horn—
 "And left the local—late again !
 "Confound Romance !" . . . And all unseen
 Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.
 His hand was on the lever laid,
 His oil-can soothed the worrying cranks,
 His whistle waked the snowbound grade,
 His fog-horn cut the reeking Banks ;
 By dock and deep and mine and mill
 The Boy-god reckless laboured still !
 Robed, crowned and throned, He wove his spell,
 Where heart-blood beat or hearth-smoke
 curled,
 With unconsidered miracle,
 Hedged in a backward-gazing world :
 Then taught his chosen bard to say :
 "Our King was with us—yesterday !"

COLD IRON

*"GOLD is for the mistress—silver for the maid—
Copper for the craftsman cunning at his trade."*

"Good!" said the Baron, sitting in his hall,
"But Iron—Cold Iron—is master of them all."

So he made rebellion 'gainst the King his liege,
Camped before his citadel and summoned it to
siege.

"Nay!" said the cannoneer on the castle wall,
"But Iron—Cold Iron—shall be master of you
all!"

Woe for the Baron and his knights so strong,
When the cruel cannon-balls laid 'em all along;
He was taken prisoner, he was cast in thrall,
And Iron—Cold Iron—was master of it all!

Yet his King spake kindly (ah, how kind a Lord!)
"What if I release thee now and give thee back
thy sword?"

"Nay!" said the Baron, "mock not at my fall,
For Iron—Cold Iron—is master of men all."

*"Tears are for the craven, prayers are for the clown—
Halters for the silly neck that cannot keep a crown."*

"As my loss is grievous, so my hope is small,
For Iron—Cold Iron—must be master of men all!"
Yet his King made answer (few such Kings there
be!)

"Here is Bread and here is Wine—sit and sup with
me.

CITIES, THRONES, POWERS

Eat and drink in Mary's Name, the whiles I do
recall

How Iron—Cold Iron—can be master of men all ! ”

He took the Wine and blessed it. He blessed and
brake the Bread.

With His own Hands He served Them, and
presently He said :

“ See ! These Hands they pierced with nails,
outside My city wall,

Show Iron—Cold Iron—to be master of men all.

“ Wounds are for the desperate, blows are for the
strong.

Balm and oil for weary hearts all cut and bruised
with wrong.

I forgive thy treason—I redeem thy fall—

For Iron—Cold Iron—must be master of men all ! ”

*“ Crowns are for the valiant—sceptres for the bold !
Thrones and powers for mighty men who dare to take
and hold ! ”*

“ Nay ! ” said the Baron, kneeling in his hall,

“ But Iron—Cold Iron—is master of men all !

Iron out of Calvary is master of men all ! ”

A SONG OF TRAVEL

WHERE'S the lamp that Hero lit

Once to call Leander home ?

Equal Time hath shovelled it

'Neath the wrack of Greece and Rome.

Neither wait we any more
That worn sail which Argo bore.

Dust and dust of ashes close
All the Vestal Virgins' care ;
And the oldest altar shows
But an older darkness there.
Age-encamped Oblivion
Tenteth every light that shone.

Yet shall we, for Suns that die,
Wall our wanderings from desire ?
Or, because the Moon is high,
Scorn to use a nearer fire ?
Lest some envious Pharaoh stir,
Make our lives our sepulchre ?

Nay ! Though Time with petty Fate
Prison us and Emperors,
By our Arts do we create
That which Time himself devours—
Such machines as well may run—
'Gainst the Horses of the Sun.

When we would a new abode,
Space, our tyrant King no more,
Lays the long lance of the road
At our feet and flees before,
Breathless, ere we overwhelm,
To submit a further realm !

PRAYER AND PRAISE

BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA

A SONG TO MITHRAS

WHEN EARTH'S LAST PICTURE IS PAINTED

EDDI'S SERVICE

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA

1892

"And there is a Japanese idol at Kamakura."

O YE who tread the Narrow Way
By Tophet-flare to Judgment Day,
Be gentle when "the heathen" pray
To Buddha at Kamakura!

To Him the Way, the Law, apart,
Whom Maya held beneath her heart,
Ananda's Lord, the Bodhisat,
The Buddha of Kamakura.

For though He neither burns nor sees,
Nor hears ye thank your Deities,
Ye have not sinned with such as these,
His children at Kamakura.

Yet spare us still the Western joke
When joss-sticks turn to scented smoke
The little sins of little folk
That worship at Kamakura—

The grey-robed, gay-sashed butterflies
That flit beneath the Master's eyes.
He is beyond the Mysteries
But loves them at Kamakura.

And whoso will, from Pride released,
 Contemning neither creed nor priest,
 May feel the Soul of all the East
 About him at Kamakura.

Yea, every tale Ananda heard,
 Of birth as fish or beast or bird,
 While yet in lives the Master stirred,
 The warm wind brings Kamakura.

Till drowsy eyelids seem to see
 A-flower 'neath her golden *htee*
 The Shwe-Dagon flare easterly
 From Burmah to Kamakura,

And down the loaded air there comes
 The thunder of Thibetan drums,
 And droned—" *Om mane padme hum's* "¹
 A world's-width from Kamakura.

Yet Brahmans rule Benares still,
 Buddh-Gaya's ruins pit the hill,
 And beef-fed zealots threaten ill
 To Buddha and Kamakura.

A tourist-show, a legend told,
 A rusting bulk of bronze and gold,
 So much, and scarce so much, ye hold
 The meaning of Kamakura ?

¹ The Buddhist invocation.

But when the morning prayer is prayed,
Think, ere ye pass to strife and trade,
Is God in human image made
No nearer than Kamakura ?

A SONG TO MITHRAS

(Hymn of the XXX Legion : circa A.D. 350)

MITHRAS, God of the Morning, our trumpets
waken the Wall !

"Rome is above the Nations, but Thou art over
all !"

Now as the names are answered, and the guards
are marched away,

Mithras, also a soldier, give us strength for the
day !

Mithras, God of the Noontide, the heather swims
in the heat.

Our helmets scorch our foreheads, our sandals
burn our feet.

Now in the ungirt hour—now lest we blink and
drowse,

Mithras, also a soldier, keep us true to our vows !

Mithras, God of the Sunset, low on the Western
main—

Thou descending immortal, immortal to rise again !

Now when the watch is ended, now when the wine
 is drawn,
 Mithras, also a soldier, keep us pure till the dawn !
 Mithras, God of the Midnight, here where the
 great Bull dies,
 Look on thy children in darkness. Oh take our
 sacrifice !
 Many roads thou hast fashioned—all of them lead
 to the Light !
 Mithras, also a soldier, teach us to die aright !

WHEN EARTH'S LAST PICTURE IS PAINTED

1892

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes
 are twisted and dried,
 When the oldest colours have faded, and the
 youngest critic has died,
 We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down
 for an æon or two,
 Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us
 to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy ; they
 shall sit in a golden chair :
 They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with
 brushes of comets' hair.

PRAYER AND PRAISE

They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul ;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all !

And only The Master shall praise us, and only
The Master shall blame ;
And no one shall work for money, and no one
shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in
his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of
Things as They are !

EDDI'S SERVICE

(A. D. 687)

EDDI, priest of St. Wilfrid
In his chapel at Manhood End,
Ordered a midnight service
For such as cared to attend.

But the Saxons were keeping Christmas,
And the night was stormy as well.
Nobody came to service,
Though Eddi rang the bell.

“ 'Wicked weather for walking,' ”
Said Eddi of Manhood End.

“ But I must go on with the service
For such as care to attend.”

The altar-lamps were lighted,—
An old marsh-donkey came,
Bold as a guest invited,
And stared at the guttering flame.

The storm beat on at the windows,
The water splashed on the floor,
And a wet, yoke-weary bullock
Pushed in through the open door.

“ How do I know what is greatest,
How do I know what is least ?
That is My Father’s business,”
Said Eddi, Wilfrid’s priest.

“ But—three are gathered together—
Listen to me and attend.
I bring good news, my brethren ! ”
Said Eddi of Manhood End.

And he told the Ox of a Manger
And a Stall in Bethlehem,
And he spoke to the Ass of a Rider
That rode to Jerusalem;

They steamed and dripped in the chancel,
They listened and never stirred,
While, just as though they were Bishops,
Eddi preached them The Word,

Till the gale blew off on the marshes
And the windows showed the day,
And the Ox and the Ass together
Wheeled and clattered away.

And when the Saxons mocked him,
Said Eddi of Manhood End,
"I dare not shut His chapel
On such as care to attend."

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

LAND of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be ;
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all,
Oh help Thy children when they call ;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth ;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day ;

That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice:

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends ;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak ;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs ;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And Love to all men 'neath the sun !

*Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died ;
Oh Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be !*

VALEDICTORY POEMS

CHARTRES WINDOWS

THE FAIRIES' SIEGE

THE HOUR OF THE ANGEL

THE PRAYER

CHARTRES WINDOWS

1925

COLOUR *fulfils where Music has no power :*

*By each man's light the unjudging glass betrays
All men's surrender, each man's holiest hour*

*And all the lit confusion of our days—
Purpled with iron, traced in dusk and fire,
Challenging ordered Time who, at the last,
Shall bring it, groined and leaded and wedged fast,
To the cold stone that curbs or crowns desire.*

Yet on the pavement that all feet have trod—

*Even as the Spirit, in her deeps and heights,
Turns only, and that voiceless, to her God—*

*There falls no tincture from those anguished lights.
And Heaven's one light, behind them, striking through
Blazons what each man dreamed no other knew.*

THE FAIRIES' SIEGE

I HAVE been given my charge to keep—

Well have I kept the same !

Playing with strife for the most of my life,

But this is a different game.

I'll not fight against swords unseen,
Or spears that I cannot view—
Hand him the keys of the place on your knees—
'Tis the Dreamer whose dreams come true !

Ask him his terms and accept them at once.
Quick, ere we anger him, go !
Never before have I flinched from the guns,
But this is a different show.
I'll not fight with the Herald of God
(I know what his Master can do !)
Open the gate, he must enter in state,
'Tis the Dreamer whose dreams come true !

I'd not give way for an Emperor,
I'd hold my road for a King—
To the Triple Crown I would not bow down—
But this is a different thing.
I'll not fight with the Powers of Air,
Sentry, pass him through !
Drawbridge let fall, 'tis the Lord of us all,
The Dreamer whose dreams come true !

THE HOUR OF THE ANGEL

SOONER or late—in earnest or in jest—
(But the stakes are no jest) Ithuriel's Hour
Will spring on us, for the first time, the test
Of our sole unbacked competence and power
Up to the limit of our years and dower

Of judgment—or beyond. But here we have
 Prepared long since our garland or our grave.
 For, at that hour, the sum of all our past,
 Act, habit, thought, and passion, shall be cast
 In one addition, be it more or less,
 And as that reading runs so shall we do ;
 Meeting, astounded, victory at the last,
 Or, first and last, our own unworthiness.
 And none can change us though they die to save !

THE PRAYER

MY BROTHER kneels, so saith Kabir,
 To stone and brass in heathen-wise,
 But in my brother's voice I hear
 My own unanswered agonies.
 His God is as his fates assign,
 His prayer is all the world's—and mine.

